

The



# TATLER

& BYSTANDER



DEC. 12, 1956  
TWO SHILLINGS

LADY GEORGE SCOTT



## Inventions in Guinness Time...6

### THE FLYING MACHINE

Oh where have you been to, Edwina, Edwina,  
And what is the cause of that mesmerised stare?  
I've been to the village, Papa, and I've seen a  
Queer sort of a kite thing go by in the air.  
Such a buzzing and popping it made without stopping  
I dropped all my shopping, I got such a scare.

And what of my Guinness, my foolish Edwina?  
Don't tell me, I beg, that you dropped it all too—  
The source of the vigour that makes old age greener,  
My Guinness, my goodness, my strength-giving brew?  
Do you wonder I've rather gone into a lather?  
Be calm, dearest Father, I brought it all through.

O excellent daughter, my dearest Edwina!  
(Come, pour me a Guinness, I'm feeling quite queer)  
The contraption you saw was a flying machine, a  
Caprice of inventors that won't last a year,  
For Britons don't much like to waste time on suchlike.  
In fact it's not much like a Guinness, my dear.

*Guinness is good for you*

"Flying in the face of Providence, I call it."





# Garrard Gifts

To CHOOSE gifts at Garrards has become accepted custom.

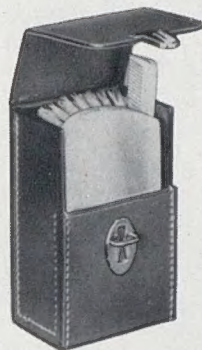
At Christmas time especially, the array of gifts—modest or elaborate—is a warming sight for all who have to face the traditional dilemma—"what to give".



A



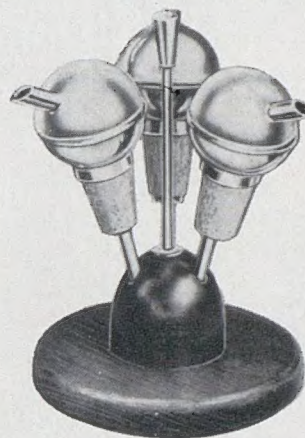
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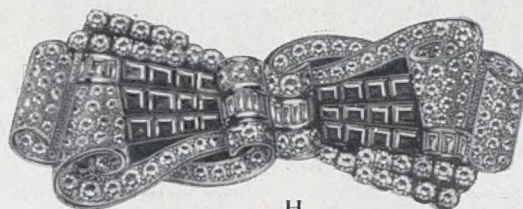
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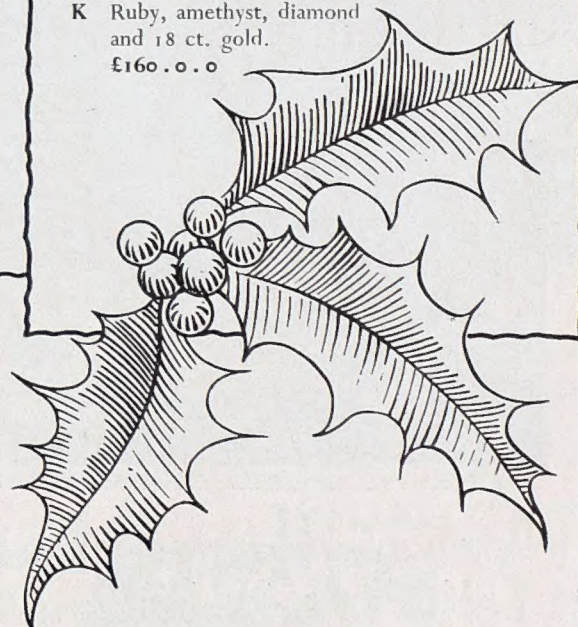


K



BY APPOINTMENT TO  
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CROWN JEWELLERS

- A Sterling silver and hand painted enamel Lipstick Holder. £8.15.0
- B Pocket Lighter to match. £9.5.0
- C Vanity case to match, diameter 3½". £21.10.0
- D Cigarette Case to match, size 4 x 3½". £28.10.0
- E Gentleman's Ivory concave Hair Brush and Comb in leather case. £11.0.0
- F Gold Links (any initials)—9 ct. £11.10.0  
18 ct. £18.10.0
- G Set of 3 plated spirit capacity Pourers on Walnut Stand. £7.6.6
- H Sapphire and diamond double clip. £820.0.0
- J Sapphire, ruby, diamond, platinum and 9 ct. gold £170.0.0
- K Ruby, amethyst, diamond and 18 ct. gold. £160.0.0



An illustrated list of Gift suggestions will gladly be sent on request.

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1777-1866

# "THE WIDOW"

CHAMPAGNE

*Veuve Clicquot-Ponsardin*  
RHEIMS



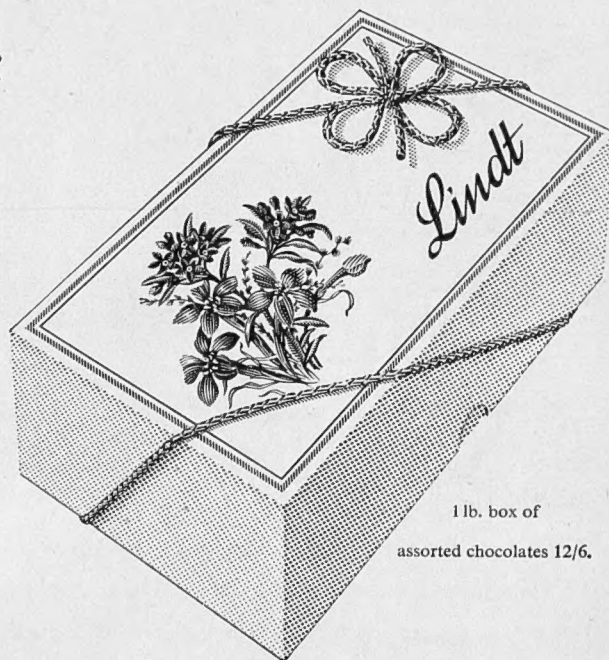
# "King George IV" OLD SCOTCH WHISKY



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# Lindt mountain rose



1 lb. box of  
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THE CHOCOLATE OF THE CONNOISSEUR



*It's simpler than you think to give a*

# Continental Party

says *Marguerite Petre*

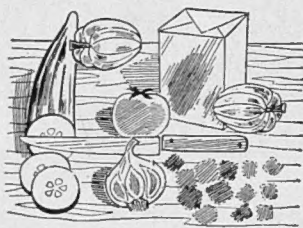


Entertaining is no fun when you haven't the time to do full justice to yourself as a hostess. So next time you invite some friends around to dinner, why not follow the advice of Lady Petre. Surprise them with a Continental Party. Continental food—say, Sweet and Sour Wheel for that main course—a bottle of wine to go with it, and those little extras around the room to give your party that Continental atmosphere. This kind of party can be quite simple to prepare, and the cost can be quite modest.

## WHAT CONTINENTAL TOUCH

Take soup for instance. Soup served with buttered toast makes a piquant beginning to most meals. And with Sweet and Sour Wheel for your main course, what could make a better dance than Maggi Jardinière or Pea with Smoked Ham. Both are really wonderful and, like all Maggi Soups, they have that Continental flavour to distinction. This is because Maggi Soups are made from exclusive Continental recipes that thrill even the most jaded palates. For this reason you will find that Maggi Soups are one of the best kept secrets of many distinguished chefs all over Europe.

tinctive, deliciously distinctive from any other soup you have ever tasted. And there's something else about Maggi Soups — they are so simple to



prepare. You get six ample servings by just adding the contents of a 1/6d. packet to boiling water (if you have some to spare, try a dash of white wine), bring to the boil and simmer for some minutes. Voilà — all the natural goodness, all the natural flavour that normally comes after six to seven hours slow simmering captured and ready to serve in a matter of minutes, as only Maggi knows how! That leaves more time for the other courses!

## SWEET AND SOUR WHEEL

Here is a dish that adds spice and enjoyment to many a Continental

dinner table. The recipe is simple and by no means frightening for the busy hostess. You will need:—

- ½ cucumber
- 4 squat red and green peppers
- ½ lb. veal and pork cut into small squares
- 1 box Maggi onion or mushroom soup
- 1 clove of garlic
- ¼ pt. vinegar
- 1 peeled sliced tomato
- 4 heaped teasp. cooked peas
- 6 dessertsp. sugar

Make the Maggi onion soup as directed on packet, using ½ pint of water only. Dip pieces of pork and veal in the soup, drain and fry in deep fat. Add vinegar to the rest of the onion soup with a clove of garlic (if liked), the tomato slices, sugar and peas. Cut the top off each pepper, remove the pulp and warm in the oven. Pour some sweet and sour sauce into each pepper cup and place in the centre of a hot plate. Surround the edge of the plate with over-lapping slices of cucumber dipped in lemon juice or vinegar. Place the fried pieces of veal and pork on cocktail sticks, radiating them from the pepper in the centre like spokes of a wheel. Serve with

savoury rice and garnish with slivers of brown almonds or with a salad.

## YOUR WINE LIST

A white wine seems to be called for here — and with so many good and inexpensive bottles on the market, the hostess will soon find one that fits her mood, her palate, her purse. White French Wines offer a wonderful selection — a Château Carbonnieux (Graves) or a Château Climens (Barsac) or a Pouilly Fuissé and a Chablis (both Burgundies).

## FOR THE TABLE

Table decoration can make all the difference to your dinner party. Arrange an unusual shaped picture frame as a centrepiece, and cover glass with a coloured or dark piece of felt. Set with fruits and leaves or rings or posies of flowers so that the effect is thrown up by the background of felt.



## TEN DELICIOUS VARIETIES

You can choose from ten varieties of Maggi Soup, and each one is dis-

## MAGGI EXTRA SOUPS

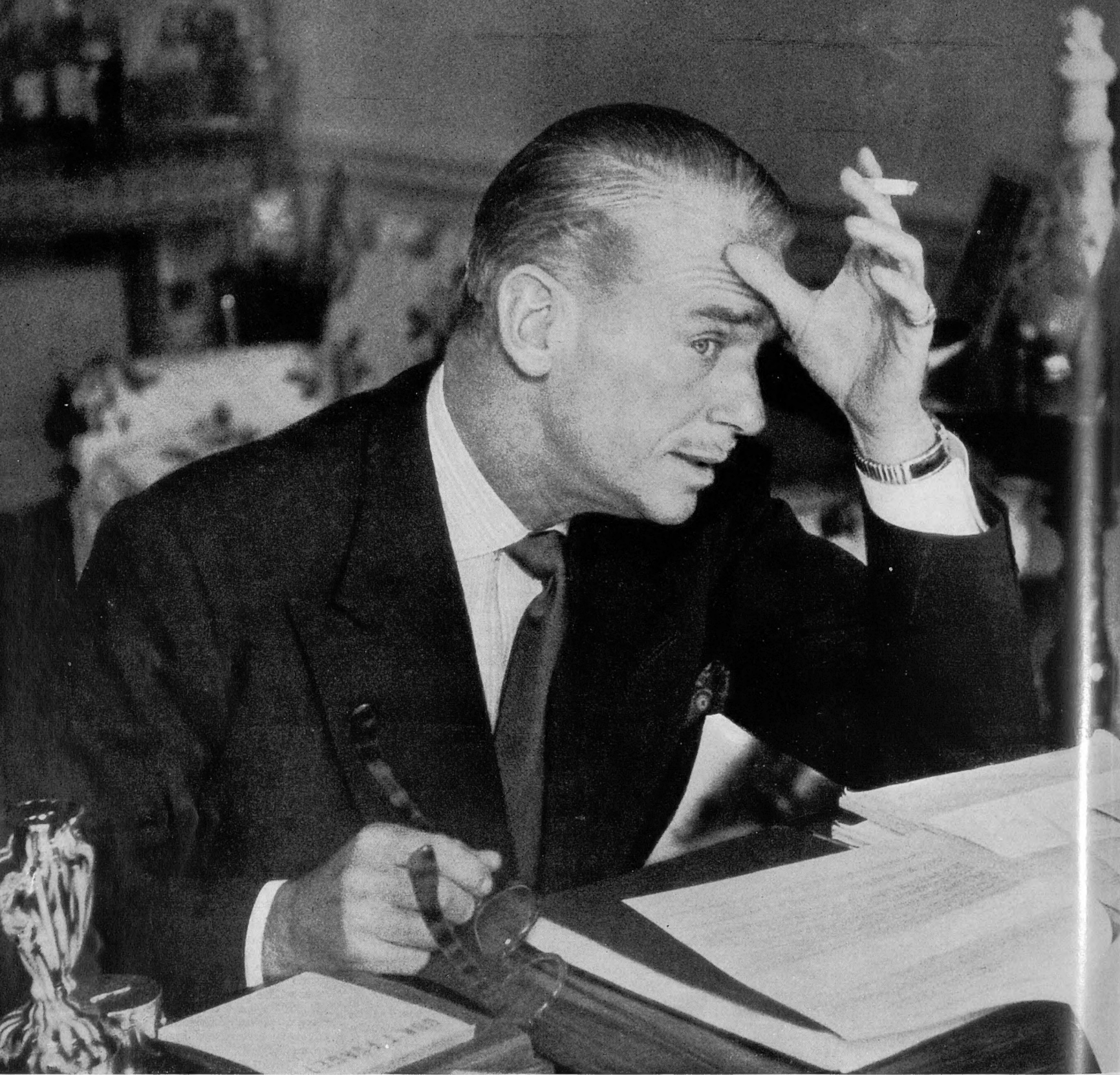
*Bring the Continent into your kitchen*

CAULIFLOWER • MUSHROOM • ONION • NOODLE SOUPMIX (CHICKEN FLAVOURED) • PEA WITH SMOKED HAM • CONSOMME WITH TURTLE MEAT • ASPARAGUS • JARDINIÈRE • BEEF AND CHICKEN BOUILLON

**MAGGI HOSTESS BOOK.** Why not write to Dept. M312, The Nestlé Co. Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex, for the new 'Maggi Hostess Book'. Attractively illustrated, this book is full of exciting suggestions that make a Continental Evening no problem in England at all. There are Maggi ideas for savouries and garnishes, for main meals, light luncheons, after-theatre and television parties. And a host of invaluable tips on wines and table decoration has also been compiled to give your parties a delightfully authentic note, to make them a 'succès fou'.







## DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR. LIVES IN AN AEROPLANE

Asked where he lived, the actor, producer, company director recently replied – "In an aeroplane". In recent months business and pleasure have taken him over 20,000 miles by air. Fortunately Mr. Fairbanks enjoys flying – and like most other distinguished travellers he prefers the luxurious way – Lockheed Super Constellation.

Mr. Fairbanks and his wife booked a flight to New York. They will fly from Paris early next spring in the bigger and faster new Super Constellation via AIR FRANCE.



*Now in service: The Super Constellation*

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LADY GEORGE SCOTT, artist wife of Lord George Scott, brother of the Duchess of Gloucester, is photographed at her home, eighteenth-century Crowood House, Ramsbury, Marlborough, Wilts. Lord George Scott farms 500 acres here, with a dairy herd of Ayrshires. His wife paints portraits and murals under the name of Molly Bishop, and has a studio in Wiltshire as well as in Chelsea. Lord and Lady George Scott have three children. Photograph by Barry Swaabe

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From December 12 to December 19

Dec. 12 (Wed.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother dines with the Benchers of the Middle Temple.  
Liberal Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.

Royal Philharmonic Society's concert at the Royal Festival Hall.

Racing at Sandown (two days).

Dec. 13 (Thur.) Birthday of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

Winter Ball of the Abbey Area, Conservative Association of the cities of London and Westminster, will be held at the Savoy Hotel.

Dec. 14 (Fri.) Cresta Ball at the Savoy Hotel.

Hambledon Hunt Ball at the Guildhall, Winchester.

Monmouthshire Hunt Club dance at Ty-Uchaf (by permission of Mr. Robin Herbert).

Warwickshire Hunt Ball at Coughton Court (by permission of Sir Robert Throckmorton).

Racing at Hurst Park (two days).

Dec. 15 (Sat.) National Cat Club Diamond Jubilee Show at Olympia.

Rugby League third Test Match, Britain v. Australia, at Swinton, Lancashire.

Racing at Warwick.

Dec. 17 (Mon.) The Downside, Ascot and Ampleforth dance will take place at the Dorchester Hotel.

The Actresses' Ball, of which Sir Laurence Olivier is president, will be held at the Savoy Hotel.

Concert-Ballet with Moiseiwitsch (piano), Svetlana Beriosova and Philip Chatfield, and Marie Korchinska (harp). Chelsea Town Hall, 7.45 p.m.

Racing at Birmingham (two days).

Dec. 18 (Tues.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attends a preview of the pantomime *Dick Whittington* in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors, at the Palace Theatre.

The Christmas Market in aid of the Bow Bells Appeal Fund at the Mansion House.

The Christmas Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.

Christmas Ball at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell.

Dec. 19 (Wed.) The Cyril and Bernard Mills Luncheon at Olympia, and initial performance of the Bertram Mills Circus.

Hungarian Relief Fund Ball at the Condor, Wardour Street.

The Barnardo County Ball at the Imperial Hotel, Torquay.

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## FOR YOUR BOOK LIST

The memoirs of

**H. H. PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE**

MY MEMORIES OF SIX REIGNS 30/-

### War Books

**Glubb's Legion**

by GODFREY LIAS 18/-  
(author of *Kazak Exodus*)

**War in the Air**

by GERALD BOWMAN 16/-  
(author of *Jump For It*)

**Walker R. N.**

by TERENCE ROBERTSON 16/-  
(author of  
*The Golden Horseshoe*)

**The Man Who Never Was**

by EWEN MONTAGU 12/6  
(the story of the film)

### For Boys and Girls

**Rosina and Son**

by KITTY BARNE 10/6  
(author of the successful  
*Rosina Copper*)

**Rosanna at the Wells**

by LORNA HILL 9/6  
(a completely new 'Sadler's  
Wells' story)

**Friday Adventure**

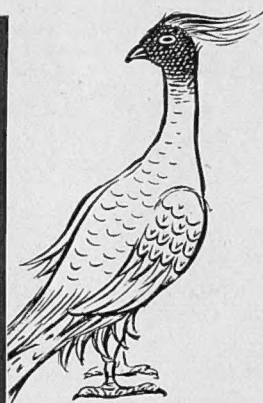
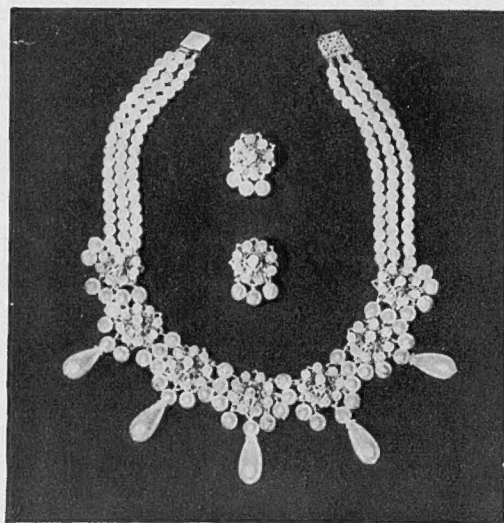
by JOHN PUDNEY 9/6  
(another 'Fred and I' tale)

**Worzel Gummidge  
at the Circus**

by BARBARA EUPHAN TODD 9/6  
(the lovable scarecrow again)

EVANS





From our  
CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE  
of well chosen gifts



Above

Fancy imitation pearl necklet .. 5 gns.  
Matching earclips .. .. . 21/-

Top Right

A French ribbon scarf in grounds of beige,  
powder blue, rose, gold, amber, tango,  
burgundy .. .. . 21/-

Top Far Right

Spotted plastic toilet bag. A decorative  
but useful gift. With pink or blue  
spots .. .. . 25/-

Centre Right

Open top shopping bag with outside flap  
pocket, lined art silk. 12½-in. at base.  
London tan coach hide, also in  
black .. .. . £3.17.6

(Tax Free)

Cream Luxan Hide .. .. . £4.7.6

(Tax Free)

LUGGAGE—71 WELBECK STREET

Centre Far Right

Dainty travelling slippers in a round case  
with zip fastener. Small daisy design in  
black on blue, pink, red and all black  
grounds. Packed in a presentation  
cellophane case. English sizes 4 to 8  
only .. .. . 30/-

Bottom Right

The newest work basket on legs—which  
make it a stool strong enough for a man  
to sit on. Made of sea grass and wood.  
Satin lined with padded top. In green,  
or red .. .. . 69/6

Bottom Far Right

'Poodle Parade.' Our exclusive range of  
Horrockses printed Turkish towels. Black  
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17 in. x 28 in. Guest size 16/9 pair

22 in. x 44 in. .. .. . 12/9 each

27 in. x 54 in. .. .. . 16/9 each

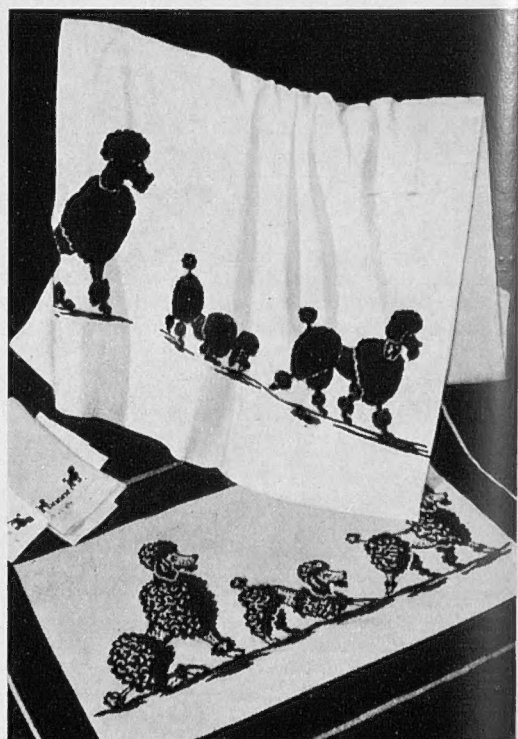
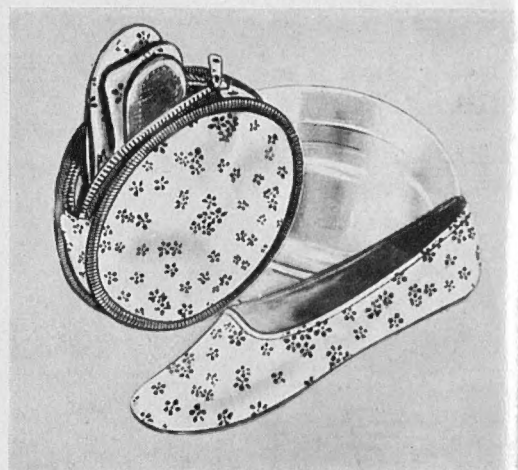
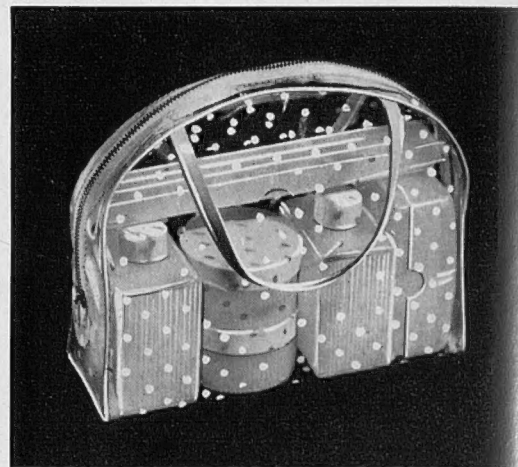
40 in. x 70 in. .. .. . 29/6 each

Bath Mat .. .. . 29/6 each

Embroidered Irish Linen guest towels

13/9 pair

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Betty Swaeh

## Wife of a rising diplomatist

LADY MEYER is here photographed with her younger daughter, Tessa, in the drawing-room of Herne Place, Sunningdale, Berkshire, the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Charles Knight. Lady Meyer is married to Sir Anthony

John Charles Meyer, the third baronet, who is at present First Secretary at the British Embassy in Moscow. As well as fifteen-month-old Tessa, they have two other children; Carolyn Clare who is thirteen, and Anthony Ashley Frank, twelve





*Mr. David Lloyd, Miss Gill Vaughan-Hudson, bowling for a piglet, and Miss Julia Vaughan-Hudson*



*Miss Anna Buxton, Miss Helen Stephenson and Miss Lavinia Buxton were three of the programme sellers*

## A BALL THAT RECALLED "THE LADY WITH THE LAMP"

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE HOSPITAL BALL at the Park Lane Hotel was attended by five hundred guests who not only enjoyed the dancing but also an excellent tombola and a number of amusing sideshows

*Programme sellers Miss Sarah Rose and Miss Jenny Elwes*

*Miss Susan Cator and Mrs. Henry Pownall also sold programmes*

*Lord Leslie, son of the Earl of Rothes, with Lady Leslie*





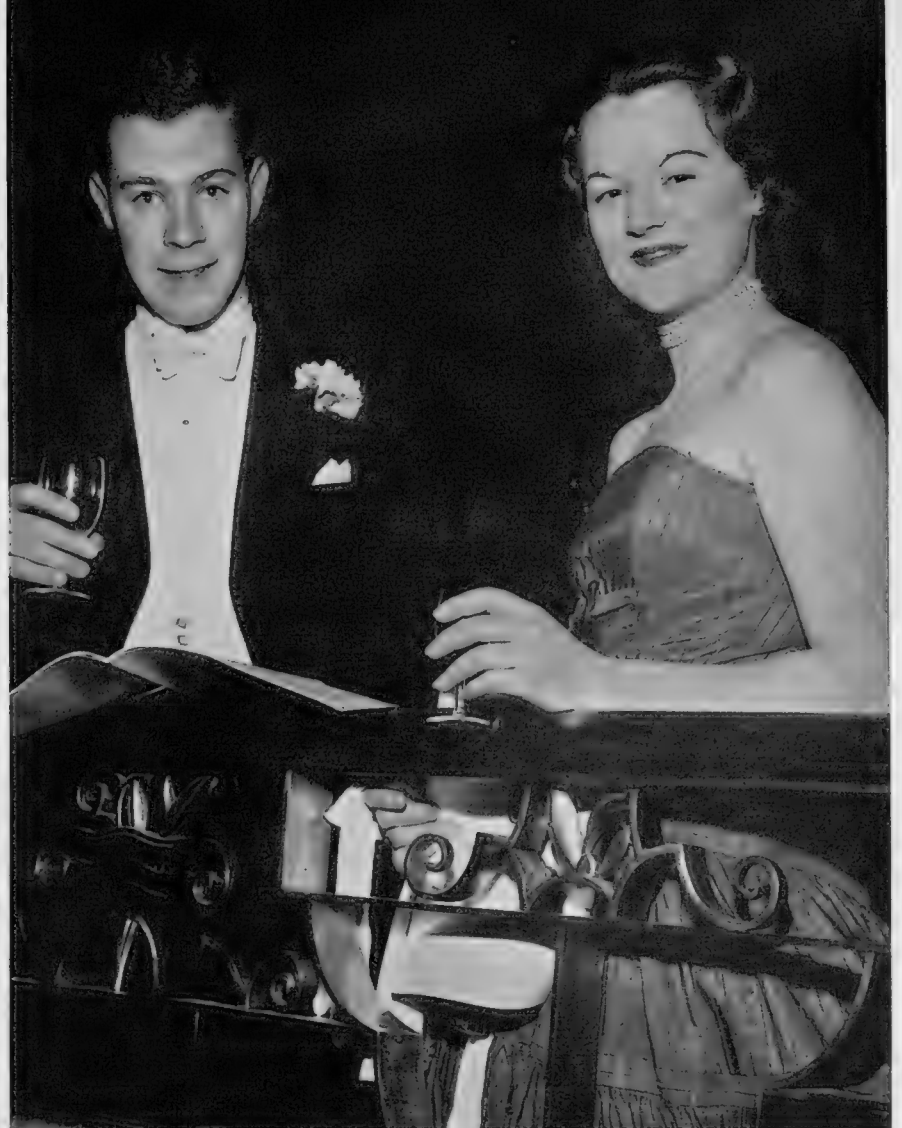
Mr. David Patten, Miss Diana Pearson, Miss Diana Leigh-Williams and Mr. Paul Lipscomb



Miss Yolanda Calvocoressi and Miss Imogen Micklethwaite were at the "bowling green"



Miss Shaunagh O'Brien and Mr. Ferdinand de May at the tombola, which was operated by (right) Mrs. Glyn Hughes



Desmond O'Neill

Mr. Timothy Astley-Roberts and Miss Angeline Gaussen had been studying the programme

Mrs. R. Russell, ball organizer, and Mrs. A. Devas

Miss D. Brockenhuus-Schack and Mr. R. Dickinson



The Hon. Edmund Ironside and Mrs. Ironside



Mr. T. Mosley, Miss B. Lloyd and Miss M. Naylor





*H.M. THE QUEEN was the guest of honour at a dinner given by the Army Council at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, when each Regiment and Corps was represented by its Colonel. Her Majesty is seen arriving escorted by Mr. John Hare, Secretary of State for War, followed by the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, and Field-Marsals Sir Gerald Templer and Lord Ironside*

## Social Journal

Jennifer

# ROYAL GUESTS FOR THE MAYOR

THE fine galleries of Burlington House, where the Royal Academy of Arts are holding their Winter Exhibition called "British Portraits," made a wonderful background for the delightful evening party given by the Mayor of the City of Westminster and Mrs. Patrick Stirling. The Queen, a very youthful and radiant figure wearing a white lace dress with the brilliant blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter, a diamond and ruby tiara, necklace, ear-rings and bracelet, with a white mink stole round her shoulders, came to the party. She was accompanied by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, also in white, and also wearing the ribbon of the Order of the Garter, a glistening tiara and other jewels.

The two Royal ladies were met by the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Albert Richardson, and their host and hostess, who first presented their Westminster City Councillors. The Queen and her mother then made a tour of the brightly-lit galleries, frequently stopping to greet friends and talk to many of the guests whom the Mayor and his wife presented.

It was a truly wonderful scene; the men, among whom were many Ambassadors, were all wearing their orders and decorations, and the women were in lovely evening dresses with magnificent jewels, including a great number of tiaras. Mrs. Stirling, who, like her husband—the first Mayor of Westminster for twenty-five years to be asked to hold office for a second year—has tremendous charm and a graceful, friendly manner, accompanied the Queen Mother, while the Mayor, resplendent in his gold-braided robes, escorted the Queen.

MRS. STIRLING, who is tall and very attractive, had chosen a cleverly draped deep rose satin dress for the occasion, with which she wore a diamond tiara. Before the Royal party arrived, she stood with her husband receiving the 800 guests in front of a bank of flowering plants. Among those I met enjoying this outstanding party, so full

of dignity and charm, were the Spanish Ambassador with Mrs. Gerald Legge, a very conscientious Westminster City Councillor, who looked really lovely in a flame red crinoline, with a diamond necklace and tiara, the Argentine Ambassador and Mme. Candiotti, who was in pale blue (the Queen stopped to have a word with both of them on her way through), Mme. Chauvel, wife of the French Ambassador, the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Schreiber, lovely in red velvet, and the Brazilian Chargé d'Affaires with his attractive wife, Senhora Castello-Branco. He is in charge at the Embassy until Senhor Samuel Souza-Leao Gracie's successor arrives. The Russian Ambassador and Mme. Malik, who was wearing a lovely sable cape with her apricot lace dress, were also present.

I ALSO met the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury talking to Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, the latter very good-looking in black with a magnificent diamond brooch; the Hon. Arthur and Lady Lorna Howard—he is a former Mayor of Westminster and now Chairman of the Council—Mr. and Mrs. Spencer le Marchant (he was among the Councillors presented to the Queen), Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, the latter very chic in a black tulle crinoline with diamond necklace and tiara, Sir John and Lady Wrightson, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Fraser, Sir Robert and Lady Perkins, and Major and the Hon. Mrs. Mark Milbanke.

Lord and Lady Brabazon of Tara were there, also Sir Norman Gwatkin, Lord and Lady Dynevor, Mr. Gilbert Ledward the famous sculptor and R.A., Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones, Mrs. Maria Louise Arnold talking to the High Commissioner for India, Mrs. Pandit, who wore a lovely yellow sari, Sir Ivor and Lady Thomas, and Lady Munnings. I also saw Viscountess Kilmauir admiring some of the portraits with the Marchioness of Salisbury—their husbands were at a Cabinet Meeting—the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Fisher, Earl and Countess Howe, Lord and Lady Fairfax—who was very pretty in black—and Sir Terence and Lady Nugent.



ALL parents of daughters making their début next season are deeply grateful to the Queen for arranging the Presentation parties on April 3 and 4. The later date this year enables débutantes to have their full term at finishing schools, either in France, Switzerland, Italy or this country. Also it does not make the tiring, long and expensive season entailed when the Presentation parties are in March. Incidentally, the applications for presentation at one of the afternoon parties at Buckingham Palace must reach the Lord Chamberlain by the first post next Friday, December 14.

★ ★ ★

WEARING a sable jacket over her black dress, but looking very frail, H.H. Princess Marie Louise attended the Foyles luncheon at the Dorchester Hotel to celebrate the publication of her book, *My Memories Of Six Reigns*. This, I have found, is a fascinating and unique book. It covers over eighty years, during which time the author travelled a great deal and met a tremendous number of interesting people. It is full of true and amusing anecdotes, many centring around the Royal Family, all told in the most easy and spontaneous way. Every word of the book was written in long-hand by the Princess, whose great sense of humour—as well as wisdom and duty—is evident on every page. I can think of no better Christmas present for anyone, man or woman, who I am sure will derive as much enjoyment as I have from reading these enchanting memoirs.

The chairman was Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who was the first to speak at the end of lunch. He told us that the reason he had been chosen for this honour was that, with the exception of Princess Marie Louise's cousin, Lady Patricia Ramsay (who was also at the luncheon), he had known Her Highness perhaps longer than anybody else. In her book the Princess refers to him as "my very valued friend Ernest Thesiger. My name for him is Pan"; and she goes on to say "not only is he a brilliant actor, but he paints, his *petit-point* needlework is exquisite—and there is very little Pan cannot do. But above all, he has always been a very loyal friend to me." A charming tribute from a charming and wonderful lady.

Sir Stephen Tallents then followed with a polished speech and

proposed the health of Princess Marie Louise. Mr. Thesiger then rose to say that Her Highness, who had slight laryngitis, would not make a speech but would stand up in appreciation, which she did in a most courteous manner. Among those also present at the luncheon, in the big gathering which numbered about four hundred, were H.E. the French Ambassador Monsieur Chauvel, the Lord Bishop of London—sitting between Lady Tallents and the Countess of Leicester—Earl and Countess Beauchamp, Lord Chesham, the Princess's three ladies-in-waiting, Mrs. Murray, Lady Blane and the Dowager Lady Ebbisham, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Lady Allardye, Mr. F. J. Warburg, Mr. Michael Joseph, and of course Miss Christine Foyle, who initiated these Literary Luncheons.

★ ★ ★

THE previous evening Princess Marie Louise, as President, had attended the dinner and ball at the Savoy Hotel in aid of the West Ham Boys' and Amateur Boxing Club, but in order not to be out too late, her Highness left after the Royal toast which was proposed by the Marquess of Milford Haven, chairman of the dinner and ball and president of the club. The speakers who followed were Judge Carl Aarvold, who is a fine after-dinner speaker, and held the whole room of nearly five hundred guests in silence; and then Lord Mancroft, who can always be relied on to produce a witty and vigorous piece of oratory.

He is a trustee of the club and works extremely hard to raise money to improve and run it. He told us how in the past few years the trustees have been able to build a gymnasium, a running track, and a pavilion; now they want to raise the money to arrange an annual camp near the sea for young members each summer. With great pride he read out a cable from Melbourne, where two of the young members of this West Ham Club, Terry Spinks and Ronald Redrup, had been boxing for England in the Olympic Games. The cable was signed by the two boys and Colonel Russell, the chairman of the club, who all wished the evening success. Spinks later won that most coveted Olympic distinction, a gold medal; the first Briton to win one for boxing since 1924.

The other two speakers were Mr. Isaac Wolfson, who proposed

[Continued overleaf]



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL celebrated his eighty-second birthday on November 30, and this photograph taken on its eve, with Lady Churchill, shows that the years have sat lightly on his brow. The anniversary followed closely on the publication of the second volume of Sir Winston's monumental work, "A History Of The English Speaking Peoples"





THE COUNTESS OF DUNDEE, who left for Canada recently. She was accompanying her husband on his Canadian lecture tour sponsored by Commonwealth Relations. The Countess is related to the Duke of Buccleuch

Yevonde

the toast of the guests; and Sir John Nott-Bower, who responded.

This is a unique annual event as the tickets for it are always sold out long before the ball takes place—this year even before I got the announcement of the date. Its success is partly due to the great and gallant work of Mr. Harold Myers, who for thirty-three years has been honorary secretary of the club, and also organizes the ball, so that no fees have to go to a paid organizer. Mrs. Isaac Wolfson and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jack Steinberg, were this year co-chairmen of the dinner-ball, Mr. Kenneth Hall was the honorary treasurer, Mrs. A. C. H. Foster organized and ran the tombola, and Lady Mancroft did the lovely floral decorations in the ballroom and reception rooms. At the dinner she was sitting next to Sir Norman Gwatkin who was on the committee.

OTHERS who came were the Lord Chancellor and Viscountess Kilmuir, Mrs. Aarvold, Lady Nott-Bower, Lady (Noel) Curtis-Bennett—whose late husband did so much for the club—Mr. Lewis, M.P. for West Ham North, and Mrs. Lewis. Also present were Lord and Lady Hacking (the latter most attractive in white with an emerald green stole), Viscount and Viscountess Stormont in a young party with Lord and Lady Carnegie and Miss Deirdre Child, Sir Harold Bowden, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Courage, who brought a party including Mr. William Pilkington, joint-Master of the Bicester Hounds, and his attractive wife, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Eddy, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Grumbar.

Several young members of this fine boys' club, which holds a splendid athletic record and does so much for young people in West Ham, were there in their games singlets and shorts, selling programmes with great efficiency.

THIS winter's opera season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, is well up to the high standard of previous years. Among members of the Royal Family who have been to enjoy the performances there recently is Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who was present on the opening night of Verdi's *Otello*, sung in Italian. That great prima donna Gre Brouwenstijn sang the role of Desdemona brilliantly, and Ramon Vinay was a fine Otello. The Duchess of Kent, accompanied by Princess Alexandra, was present to see the same opera a few nights later. They watched it from the Royal Box with a party of friends, including Viscount Waverley, chairman of the Royal Opera House, and Viscountess Waverley, the Duke of Wellington, the American Ambassador Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, and Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis and Countess Alexander. Some of the party used the adjoining box, so that there was always plenty of room.

Another interesting production during this current season is Leos Janacek's *Jenufa*, sung in English, which was due to have its first performance in England last Monday. This opera, like *Otello*, is being conducted by Rafael Kubelik, and the two leading soprano parts of Jenufa and Kostelnicka are being sung by Amy Shuard and Sylvia Fisher; while Edgar Evans and John Lanigan have the leading tenor roles. The scenery and costumes are by Jan Brazda.

Another event to look forward to in the Royal Opera House is the first performance of a new ballet on New Year's Day. This will be the world première of *The Prince Of The Pagodas* with music by Benjamin Britten and choreography by John Cranko, who also wrote the scenario and has dedicated the ballet to Dame Ninette de Valois and Miss Imogen Holst. Benjamin Britten will conduct on the opening night—the first time he has conducted ballet. The leading roles of the Princess Belle Rose and the Prince of the Pagodas will be danced by Svetlana Berio-sova and David Blair.

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SOME hostesses have the knack of never failing to give a really good party when they arrange one. Mrs. Jean Garland comes into this category, and the small supper party and dance which she gave recently to celebrate the twenty-first birthdays of her only daughter, Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, and her nephew, Mr. Alan Heber Percy, was one of the best parties of the little season. It took place in the River Room of the Savoy, which had garlands of ivy skilfully entwined round the pillars and over the pendant lights. These, like the exquisite vases of flowers and a floral decoration cleverly lit behind the buffet, had all been arranged by Lady Pulbrook.

Joanna, who is a very lovely girl, wore a ballet-length pearl satin dress with a deep pink shaded chiffon scarf up one side. She stood receiving the guests with her mother—very good-looking in sapphire blue and silver brocade—and her young cousin, Mr. Alan Heber Percy, who like most of the men present wore a black tie. The women, too, mostly followed the more informal fashion of wearing short evening dresses.

Among the young people dancing happily was the Duke of Kent, often partnering Miss Charlotte Bowater, a charming unaffected girl, who is a granddaughter of the late Lord Dawson of Penn, for many years physician to King George V and King George VI. H.R.H. Princess Margaretha of Sweden, very attractive in a short evening dress of sapphire blue satin, was among the many pretty girls present and was dancing with the Hon. Shaun Plunket. Others included Lady Melissa and Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin, whose young brother Viscount Adare was taken so ill with polio at school in Switzerland a few months ago; Lady Zinnia Denison, Lady Carey Coke, the Hon. Diana Herbert, looking very pretty and dancing the whole evening, Miss Karina Boyle, who accompanied Princess Margaretha, Miss Caroline York in red and the Hon. Katharine Smith also in red—she arrived with Mr. Billy Wallace.

MISS ROSEMARY NORRIE was there, also Miss Valda Rogerson who came in a party with Lord Belper and her cousins, Mrs. Thomson Jones and Mrs. Paddy Brudenell-Bruce with Mr. Brudenell-Bruce, Miss Carol Pease, Lord Patrick Beresford, Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Mr. Thomas Dunne, Mr. Allan Lillingstone, Mr. Miles Gosling, joint-Master of the Bicester, Mr. John Adams, Mr. Obbie Waller and the Hon. John Denison-Pender, who had the first dance with his lovely young hostess, Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham.

Many good-looking young marrieds were present, among them Joanna's brother Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham and his wife, the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford—the latter very pretty in a flame red tulle dress—the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Naylor-Leyland, Mr. and Mrs. David Wentworth Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Weatherby, Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kidston and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Toller. There were not many older guests, these being limited to a few very near relations and friends who had known Joanna and Alan since they were children. Col. Cyril Heber Percy and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham were there, also Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby, the latter very chic in emerald green, Lady Willoughby de Broke dancing with Baron de Gelsey, Major and Mrs. Teddy Gosling, Mrs. Margaret Dunne, Col. Peter



Dollar, Lord and Lady Manton, the latter lovely in ice blue satin, the Duque de Primo de Rivera, the Spanish Ambassador, dancing with Ann Lady Orr-Lewis, Lord Ashcombe dancing with Mrs. Enid Cameron, and the Marquess of Donegall dancing with Mrs. Stewart Brown.

Another very old friend I met was Miss Binmore, sitting watching the young people enjoying this happy evening and also greeting many friends. Miss Binmore went to Mrs. Garland as personal maid before Joanna was born, and had been with her twenty-five years when she retired a few months ago. She told me she is now living with her brother in North London.

\* \* \*

ST. ANDREW'S DAY at Eton was celebrated in the usual way. In the morning there was the final of the Under-15 House Cup in the Field, between boys from Mr. Wilkinson's and Mr. Hill's houses, which resulted in a draw. The Collegers played the Oppidans at the Wall, and as frequently in past years, the game resulted in a draw too.

After lunch the principal attraction was a team of Oxford Old Etonians playing a team of Cambridge Old Etonians in the Field. I hear they played a fast hard game, to the enjoyment of the spectators; and this also was a draw!

For those who wanted indoor entertainment, there were the Rackets Courts, where the school 1st pair, A. D. Mayhew and J. W. Leonard, won their match against Old Etonians A. J. Ward and J. A. R. Clench. The school's 2nd pair, J. J. Sheffield and D. M. R. C. Allen, were not so successful, and were defeated by A. C. D. Ingleby-Mackenzie and R. A. Eckersley. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, a fine all-rounder, is off to the West Indies in the New Year with the Duke of Norfolk's cricket team.

Another attraction was fencing in the Gymnasium, where the school's Scratch, captained by Anthony Slesinger, did very well against Mr. T. E. Beddard's Scratch. There were also the various exhibitions to enjoy, but I could only spare the time to spend the morning at Eton and had to leave at the end of the Wall Game, so could see nothing of the other events.

HAPPILY there was no wind and the winter sun shone for most of the match, which to me seemed one of the duller I have ever watched. There was a large number of spectators, including, I was told, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester with their Etonian son Prince William, but I personally did not see them. Among those I did see were Lord and Lady Irwin and their son, the Hon. Charles Wood, who has just gone to Mr. Lawrence's house, and Viscount Althorp who was talking to Mr. Geoffrey and the Hon. Mrs. Agnew, who had their two tall sons, who are in Mr. Wilkinson's house, going round with them.

Capt. and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort made a big family party; she has two sons at Eton, John and James Cecil, sons of the late Hon. Henry Cecil, who was killed in the last war. Princess Margaretha of Sweden was watching intently and trying to understand the points of the Wall Game; she came down from London with Miss Karina Boyle and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Boyle, who have their son in his third year at Eton.

Other family parties greeting friends on the rather muddy playing-fields were Mr. and Mrs. Derek Butler Adams, who have two sons at the school, Col. and Mrs. Jack Hirsch, accompanied by their pretty daughter Joanna, who makes her debut next season, Mr. Dermot McGillycuddy, who had flown over from Dublin that morning with his wife to spend St. Andrew's Day at Eton with their son Donough, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slesinger, whose younger son Anthony not only captains the school for fencing but also for shooting and swimming, and Mr. and Mrs. Branton down from Yorkshire.

COL. TOMMY and the Hon. Mrs. Davies were with their son Hugh, also Mrs. Thomson and her son, Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. Brocas Burrows with their daughter Miss Jennifer Burrows and two Etonian sons, Major Neil and the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key and their elder son Adrian, Sir Charles and Lady Cooper, Mrs. Jimmy Palmer-Tomkinson, widow of the fine skier, who now has three sons at Eton, Mrs. de Laszlo and her elder son, and Mrs. Gordon Johnson Houghton and her young son, who is now in his third year at Eton; he is keen on riding like his late father and his mother. Mrs. Johnson Houghton has an outstanding knowledge of horses and especially of training racehorses and has scored a great many successes on the flat, but these cannot be officially attributed to her, as a woman is not yet permitted to hold a trainer's licence under Jockey Club or National Hunt rules in this country.

The Provost, Mr. Claud Elliot, and the Headmaster, Mr. Robert Birley, were both watching the game, also a great personality, at one time a master at Eton and now for some years the leading spirit of the Opera season at his lovely home Glyndebourne on the Sussex Downs—Mr. John Christie, who was wearing one of his best lines in hats!



*Col. J. Cross-Brown, H.E. Senhor Pedro Theotónio Pereira and Mrs. J. Cross-Brown*

## THE OLDEST ALLIES

THE eighteenth annual dinner held at the Savoy Hotel by the Anglo-Portuguese Society emphasized mutual ties—Portugal being our oldest ally

*Mr. Gerald Simpson and Mrs. Simpson*

*The Earl and Countess of Hardwicke*



*Desmond O'Neill  
Miss Patricia Clough was  
with Brig. A. B. Clough*

*Lord and Lady John Hope  
were two other guests*





*Mr. Ronald Egan and Mrs. Luke Asquith were enjoying refreshments before dancing*

*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
Dec. 12,  
1956  
686*



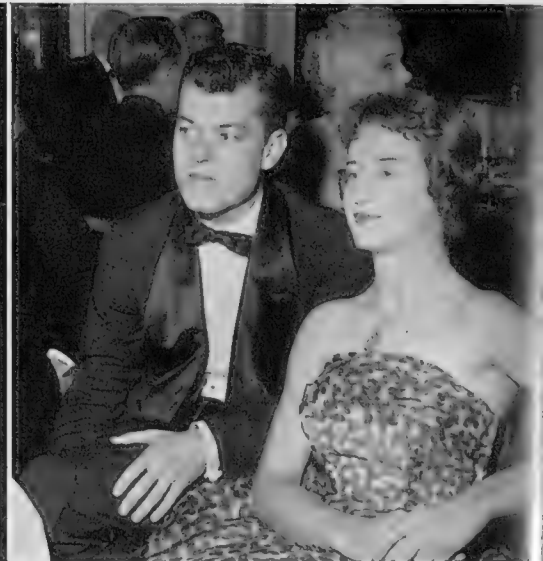
*Mrs. Geoffrey Malcolm in conversation with Mrs. Henderson and Mr. John Henderson*



*Mr. James Riddell and Miss Susan Warren Pearl*



*Mrs. David Reid dancing with Mr. A. B. Lawrence, jun.*



*Dr. Gerald Woodruff in company with Miss Jenny Kerr*



*Mrs. Stuart D. D. Pearl, Mrs. H. Phillimore and Mr. Kenneth Horne, who replied for the guests. Behind, Sir Harry Brittain*

## THANKSGIVING DAY

THE American Society held its annual Thanksgiving Day dinner and dance at the Dorchester Hotel, when the American Ambassador, the Hon. Winthrop W. Aldrich, G.B.E., presided



*The Hon. Winthrop W. Aldrich, Mrs. Kerr and Mr. Alexander C. Kerr, the Society's chairman*

*Van Hallen*





*Major J. S. F. Macbeth, 21st Special Air Service,  
Mrs. Macbeth and Cdr. Gerard Holdsworth*



*Lady Gubbins, Mrs. Gerard Holdsworth and Maj.-  
Gen. Sir Colin Gubbins, former chief of S.O.E.*

## "SPEARHEAD" BALL

THE SPECIAL FORCES Club ball at the  
Dorchester Hotel was attended by some  
400 guests, many of whom had been in  
the wartime Special Operations Executive

*Mrs. Paddy Davies and Rear-  
Admiral N. V. Dickinson*

*Lady (James) Hutchison and  
Col. Peter Dew*



*Mr. and Mrs. J. Carson-Parker and Mrs. M.  
Naylor-Leyland were prizewinners*



*Van Hatten  
Major H. Peuleve with Miss  
Nancy Wake, G.C.*

*Mrs. V. J. V. Bailey and Mr.  
C. A. Watney*

*Lt.-Col. G. F. Ingham Clark, chairman of the  
Club, and Mrs. Ingham Clark*





# MADEIRA

*RICHARD GRAHAM writes of the charms of a holiday in this flower-filled island of the Atlantic. The view of Funchal Bay above, and all the other photographs, were taken by Tony Armstrong Jones*

THE fashion in resorts changes fast, but Madeira has remained constant in popularity for nearly a hundred years, since steamship supplanted clipper and brought this remote Atlantic island within less than a week away from England. Now leaving Southampton Water by flying boat in the darkness of night, you will awake less than twelve hours later to find yourself skimming a subtropical bay removed by 1,500 miles from the miseries of our own feckless climate.

For this is a place where one may predict fine weather with certainty. Until recently at certain seasons of the year the air company *guaranteed* to refund its passengers their fares and the entire cost of their stay should a measurable rainfall occur during it, an offer which was finally withdrawn because it was never taken up. It is the equable mildness of the climate that attracts visitors to this sunlit isle throughout the year.

The best-known event in the Madeiran calendar takes place on New Year's Eve, St. Sylvester's Night, when a fabulous display of fireworks embroiders the velvet darkness of Funchal Bay with a coruscating explosion of colour that reiterates the daytime brilliance of this most exotic of scenes. Mimosa, bougainvillea, morning glory, palm and cactus, hibiscus, agapanthus and oleander, and the splendid jacaranda of summertime, make it an island with a flora hardly equalled anywhere.

FROM the moment you land you are surrounded by flowers, lapping the high walls of the *quintas* above the harbour, brought in great flamboyant sheaths to the doors of your hotel by gaily costumed sellers; or proffered in tiny delicate posies by gnome-like old men, thrown at you by children, and best of all, heaped with stupendous prodigality about the market. This, galaxied with fruit, vegetables, and unfamiliar fish, offers the senses a profusion of scent, sound, and colour that makes it the most truly gay and alive place in Funchal.

To see the flowers in their proper setting you should wander about the incomparable gardens of the island, for the Madeirans are keen horticulturists and have introduced and acclimatized a host of botanical rarities from all parts of the world which they tend with expert care. To see this you have only to visit the tiny public garden in the main street of Funchal, conjuring up in a few hundred square yards the whole torrid essence of the tropics. More essentially characteristic of Madeira's old-style colonial



*A picturesque inhabitant of the island*



civilization is the formal eighteenth-century planning of an estate such as the famous Quinta do Palheiro Ferreiro, and this and the several others like it should not be missed by those who are connoisseurs of gardening as a fine art.

On the whole though, the island landscape is without sophistication, its torn mountain wildness only redeemed from barren ferocity by the covering greenery of banana-tree and sugar-cane and the ubiquitous tall vine, and higher up oak, cedar, fragrant pine and eucalyptus, ilex and laurel, contrasting with the pinkish-blue hydrangea hedges. Above the tree-line are the bare peaks of the island's central chain of mountains, from the highest of which, Pico Ruivo, you may be able to see the great volcanic summit of Tenerife soaring into the sky 250 miles away.

NEW roads have opened up many remote districts and at last made it possible to motor round the whole rugged coastline, where before you could do so only on foot or by coastal steamer. This last, indeed, remains the most effective way of viewing the precipitous sea cliffs, which at Cabo Girao, with a sheer height of two thousand feet, are the second tallest in the world, and from here you can continue on in the daily boat to the western end of the island, as far as Paul Domar, a fishing town whose only other link with the outside is a track which zigzags up the cliff behind.

Such isolation is still characteristic of many Madeiran villages, but those nearer Funchal, like Camara de Lobos and Machico, are known to many. I myself prefer the farther northern coast of Madeira to the south, for though this wilder and more lonely shore lacks its spectacular greenery, it has about its fierce compositions of sea and mountain a purity of line that is at once both lyrical and dramatic.

The villages, too, have an unselfconscious charm that captivates; Porto da Cruz, quiet and reflective against the restless spread of ocean, Arco de Sao Jorge, with its gold-encrusted cavern of a church, Santana, its curious thatched cottages hidden by the tall surrounding banks of hydrangea. Santana, peaceful and quite unspoiled, would make an ideal centre from which to explore along the silent footpaths that intersect the beautiful inland countryside, and though I have not been able to stay there myself, there is in the village a small hotel which, I am assured, is comfortable though simple.

It is a pity that almost all Madeira's hotel resources are in Funchal, but apart from the rest-houses in the mountains, providing shelter but no food or service, there is almost literally nowhere the stranger may stay, unless perhaps up at Santo da Serra, where the golf-course is, or maybe at faraway Porto Moniz if it is just a question of a night's stop *en passant*. Otherwise, even at so tourist-conscious a place as Camara de Lobos, there is not so much as a guest-house.

HOWEVER, the average visitor will be amply content to stay in Funchal, for certainly here he will get more sun, bathing, amusement and company, and the half-dozen principal hotels are very excellent indeed. It would be difficult to single out any one of them on the score of merit alone, but if you are one of those people like myself who do not go abroad to dress for dinner or have music inflicted upon you during your meals, you would almost certainly like the smaller Miramar, a quiet and select hotel which admirably steers clear of both dowdiness and ostentation. It charges 37s. 6d. a day for a single room with bath, 72s. 6d. for a double, inclusive of all meals—and this means no extras for an English breakfast or afternoon tea—laundry, pressing, and even entrance to the lido swimming pool and your green fees if you play golf, the only addition to your bill being ten per cent for service.

Outside the season from mid-December to mid-April these charges are lowered by twenty per cent, i.e. to as little as 25s. a day all-in, and Aquila Airways at the same time make even more drastic reductions in their fares to the island, having just introduced the lowest-ever excursion rate of £54 return, available up till just before Christmas. The winter fare of £78 represents a cut of £25 on last year's £103 and should now make it as cheap to fly as to go by sea, though if you prefer the surface voyage there are a number of steamship lines which make this a port of call en route to South Africa and South America. The only one on which you can be certain of a return passage is the special service operated by the Bergen Line's Venus from Plymouth, sailings being fortnightly and the trip taking three days on the outward voyage and four on the return; fares are from £65 return.



*The interior courtyard of the Madeira Wine Association's Lodge in Funchal*

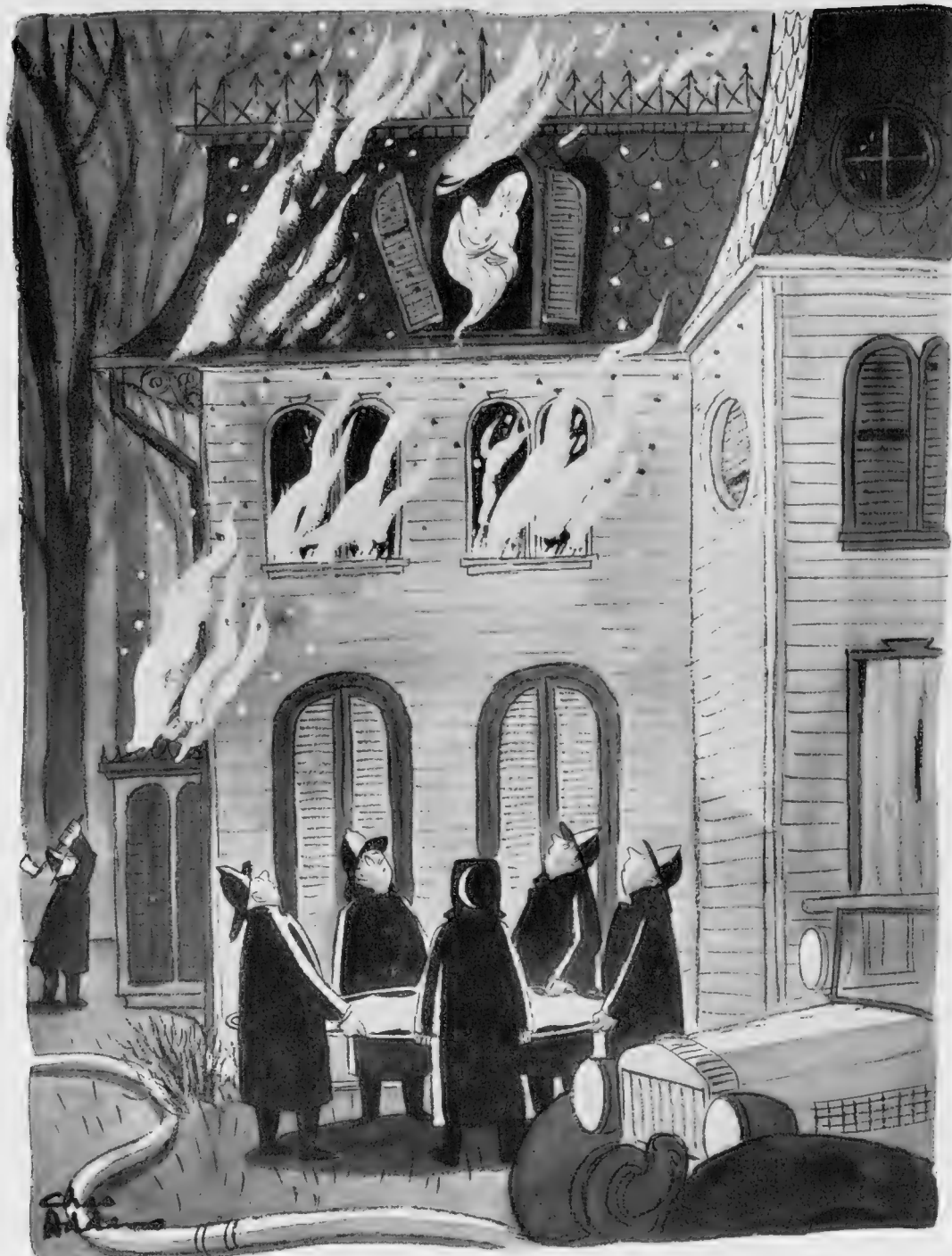


*A typical street scene in the chief town of Funchal*



*A seaside view of Camara de Lobos, a village near Funchal*





## Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

THE season of public luncheons and dinners is well under way, and I find myself wondering again why chairmen—and chairwomen—insist on making such a tedious business of the loyal toast.

"Ladies and gentlemen," they say, full of good intentions and self-importance: "I give you the loyal toast, and ask you to rise"—some of them even go on like this—"and drink with me to the health of Her Majesty the Queen." What a verbose and, fundamentally, undignified way of doing what ought to be the briefest and, being brief, most dignified of all toasts. There is no more gracious form of words than the unadorned, "Ladies and Gentlemen"—then, as the chair-

man raises his own glass—"the Queen!"

In my own county of Lancashire many observe the custom of toasting either "The Queen, Duke of Lancaster," or simply, "The Duke of Lancaster," *tout court*. I wish that they could be proved right in doing so, but they are not—any more than are those Channel Islanders who seek to fulfil their loyal and convivial duty by rising to "the Duke of Normandy."

MY old friend Valentine Heywood, whose classic book on the subject, *British Titles*, was sponsored by no less an authority than a former Garter King of Arms, has written that to add such a particular to a general loyalty, "is a pleasant sentimentality, enshrining a nos-

talgie affection for the past, which does no harm to anyone, but it has no basis in law or in fact."

The truth of the matter was pronounced by a Lord Chancellor in a famous peerage case which is the last legal word on the subject: "Becoming the Sovereign of the country, it is impossible that he can hold any other dignity. The fountain and source of all dignities cannot hold a dignity from himself." Therefore, once the holder of a peerage succeeds to the Throne, his peerage ceases to be; as King George VI ceased to be Duke of York when he became King. After that, a dukedom cannot be "revived," but would be a new peerage, created with the same titles and style. (The Dukedom of



Cornwall, vested, with three other titles, in the Heir to the Throne—in the office so to speak, not the holder—is a special case, and had to be made so, which proves the rule.)

When Queen Victoria and Edward VII used the title of "Lancaster" as an incognito, it was a polite fiction, merely: there is a Duchy of Lancaster, but there has been no dukedom and no duke since the title died on Henry V's accession, more than five hundred years ago—and it has never been regranted since.

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IT is a hundred years since the Rome-Frascati railway was opened, and a train hauled by a locomotive called *Saint Peter* chuffed out of the brand-new Rome railway station, having been blessed by a cardinal, saluted by guns and serenaded by the Rome Fire Brigade band, fetching up half an hour later at a station where a stone was unveiled in honour of Pope Pius IX. Which stone, incidentally, has since been pinched.

Frascati is a favourite little town of mine, still with a great deal of character in spite of being so near to Rome (you can see it from a point on the Janiculum, near Garibaldi's statue, on a fine day), and so stared at and shopped over by tourists and trippers. (Is it not strange how one never admits to being a tourist and a tripper oneself? It is always those other awful people at the next table.) I have drunk the excellent local wine in a cellar in Frascati, with nobody within sight or hearing, indoors or out, save the charming people of the place: one might have been in the heel or the toe of Italy, instead of sitting, so to speak, on its knee.

Yet it is only now that I have learned—in Italian accounts of the centenary goings-on—how the Roman expression arose of "Chiuso Frascati," which is a slang phrase meaning "absolutely full up—right up to here." It originated in notices put up at the railway station in Rome, a hundred years ago, when stations and trains were no end of a novelty to the Romans, on days when all tickets to Frascati were sold out. The station was

#### PLEASE, FATHER CHRISTMAS

I'd like a new fur coat, say—mink,  
And then I'd like a yacht, I think,  
A cottage in the country, too,  
Some cocker spaniels, just a few,  
A super sports-car, caravan,  
A handsome, tall and rich young man. . . .

In the name of Good King Wenceslas,  
It's time you came to your senses, lass!

—PRENDERGAST

• • •

such a showplace in those days, that it became a catch phrase.

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WE were shepherded round Longleat the other day—there is everything to be said for making one's tours of such stately homes as are open to the public all the year round, in the winter and of a morning: one is likely to have the house and a guide to oneself.

What prompts me to mention the visit is that I came away with a couple of the charming little books—very much like those elegantly illustrated King Penguins—one of which, decorated by Cecil Beaton, recalls the days of late Victorian and Edwardian elegance, "before," as the title puts it, "the sunset fades." And there are notes on Christmas customs that are seasonable to read about at this time of the year, yet as far away down the corridors of social change as if they concerned the carryings-on of cavemen.

In those faraway days, the writer recalls, all the under-maids paraded of a Christmas morning to be presented by the Marchioness of Bath of the time with the traditional gift of a dress-length, and on that same night, however inclement the weather, the same girls would dance in the courtyard. "On the rough paving stones, in their thin dresses, they would bob around in the cold, while the gentry watched them from the windows above."

Nothing to do with the present season, but of enormous appeal to me, is the story of the visitors invited to luncheon with the

fourth Marquess and his Marchioness, who flourished in the late Victorian period—an age of long and sumptuous banquets—to find themselves regaled with boiled mutton and rice pudding, and nothing else. Lord and Lady Bath explained that they were off to France in a couple of days, and that they were eating plain food in order to prepare and strengthen their digestive systems for foreign food and the hazards of a Channel crossing.

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PROFESSOR G. D. H. COLE has been asking, I see, for the invention of a wireless set that will switch itself off when not being listened to. The advantages are both obvious and neighbourly, and some such device should not be beyond the wit of an age responsible for doors that open as one approaches them, radiators and water-heaters that switch themselves on and off thermostatically and, indeed, wireless and television sets themselves.

Inventions, I suppose, tend to get invented, and discoveries discovered, when the age is ready to receive them. I cannot bring myself to believe that each new device is a sign in itself that mankind becomes progressively more ingenious. The harnessing of the atom is a staggering achievement: has it led to any more remarkable results than did the invention of the wheel?

Personally, I should take Professor Cole's wishful thought a stage further and ask for a pre-selective wireless set that can be ordered at tea-time to choose here a Light Programme piece, there a talk on the Third, with a glance at the Home News, between then and bedtime, without oneself ever leaving one's chair. Or a television set that douses its own glim for Liberace, having previously rung an alarm bell. And when the as yet undiscovered inventor has provided us with benefits such as these, he can then turn his attention to a motor-car that won't run over people (equipped with a radar screen, perhaps?) and a dressing for the hair that will preserve it for one's lifetime not merely from falling out, but always at the right length.

BRIGGS . . . . . by Graham







*A. F. Seymour-Davies, the College Keeper, and R. A. Novis,  
Keeper of the Oppidans, after the game*  
Desmond O'Neill



*Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Rena and their son  
Michael Rena, watching the game*

ST. ANDREW'S DAY at Eton was fine and dry and in the morning there was even some winter sunshine. The first match was the final of the Under-15 House Cup, in which Mr. Hill's drew with Mr. Wilkinson's. The Wall Game between Collegers and Oppidans once again ended with no score, the bulldog defence by the Collegers preventing Oppidans from breaking through. Comment both favourable and otherwise was caused by some Collegers wearing dungarees—a departure from tradition but eminently practical for such wearing and tearing circumstances

## A TRADITIONAL CELEBRATION OF ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON



*Miss Tessa Milne was escorted by her  
brother Garth Milne*



*Mrs. Ian MacLean, Mark Allsop and  
Mrs. O. Van Oss*



*Mrs. C. Boyd-Rochfort and her son  
James Cecil*



*T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and  
Prince William*



*Mrs. Desmond Boyle, Princess Margaretha of Sweden, Miss Carina  
Boyle and Michael Boyle. Below, the Wall Game in progress*



*Mrs. Ian MacLean and Dr. Birley,  
Headmaster of Eton*



*Miss Tessa Dixon was with her  
brother Julian Dixon*





## The Week in Paris

# HUNTING OF THE MAZOUT

WINTER has chosen to blow upon us with its icy breath at the most inconvenient moment, when petrol is short and the heating has noticeably diminished in many houses and apartments. People heat themselves with distracted arguments as to whether the gas, or a mysterious substance called mazout is likely to give out the soonest. It appears that, unsuspected and unappreciated (at any rate by me), mazout has kept people warm for years; information which induces a feeling of guilt, as if a proper display of gratitude might have prevented it from suddenly vanishing away like the Snark.

People lucky enough to possess *real* fireplaces have naturally decided to light fires in them, and heaven knows how many tons of horrible gilt fir cones, paper fans, birds' nests and soot have gone up in flames during the past week. In some cases, the chimney has gone up as well. The other day I happened to be standing on the coldest corner in Paris, waiting for the most infrequent bus, when the air was rent by a wail of sirens, and a procession of scarlet fire-engines came charging down the boulevard des Capucines. A haze of smoke could be seen on a nearby roof-top, and a tongue of flame shot out suddenly from behind a chimney-stack, and licked the air. The firemen uncoiled hosepipes and put up ladders, while a crowd rapidly collected below.

THE few people congealed around the red and yellow bus stop began an animated discussion as to whether it was worth while joining them, at the risk of missing the bus, should one arrive within the next half-hour. "At least one will be *warm* . . ." suggested a gentleman, who had obviously been stirred to envy by that bright tongue of flame. "*Alors, on y va?*" He walked off, and as so often happens when somebody makes up their mind, the others quickly followed. Just as they reached the other side of the square, the bus came, and I was the only person left to get on it. This sounds as if it should have a moral, but it hasn't; and in any case, before we had gone very far I discovered that we were travelling in the wrong direction.

The cold weather and diminishing mazout have naturally caused shops and cafés to become crowded, and the table beside



**ROSSANA PODESTA** the beautiful young Italian actress who played the title role in Warner Brothers' mammoth production "Helen Of Troy" was photographed recently against the ruins of Athens. She was one of a number of stars who were staying in the city for the Italian film week. Her film "The Gun Runner" is now in London





"I'd like a tall redhead with big green eyes, please"

the stove, until now avoided by everyone except the patron's cat, has suddenly become popular again. So have great bowls of onion soup with long strands of grated cheese and garlicky *croutons* floating in it, which for thirty francs and *pain à discretion* (but who would be indiscreet about bread?) provides the cheapest good meal anywhere in the world.

This could be noted by people who, after eating exclusively at well-known restaurants, exclaim that Paris is the most expensive city in the world, and they cannot imagine how anybody ever lives here. Although I wouldn't dream of refusing an invitation to the Tour d'Argent from any kind of misplaced pride, like most people I have a favourite restaurant-around-the-corner for everyday use, where napkins are stuffed into numbered pigeon holes and the patron beams at the faithful through a hole in the wall.

Mine is further distinguished by the fact that when he isn't cooking, the patron paints the pictures which adorn the walls. His cat enters largely into these productions, and I always try to sit opposite to the one which shows a benevolent puss in green mittens playing the flute to an enormous mouse, much resembling a baby pig. I sometimes wonder what I shall do if someone buys this picture after a particularly good lunch, but it hasn't happened yet, and somehow I don't think it ever will.

ANOTHER way of defeating the cold is to give a party, and an amusing one took place recently at the Moulin Rouge, to launch a new book by Jacqueline Cartier with the intriguing title *Hommes à Fan's*. The *hommes* in question were such famous personalities as Eddie Constantine, Charles Trenet, Gilbert Becaude, Tino Rossi, Yves Robert, Luis Mariano, Roger and Jean Marc Thibault, and so forth and so on. The fans were everybody else who was present.

The party had been preceded by a large-scale operation in which the stars who twinkle through the pages of the book had agreed to be present at various strategically placed bookshops all over Paris, to sign autographs and copies of the book. Later, those who had signed the largest number were presented with a prize. Much to my secret disappointment, nobody received so much as a nugget (or perhaps it should be a whiff) of mazout; no doubt because the elusive creature had vanished again.

—Oriol Malet

(deputizing for Priscilla who is indisposed)



**YUL BRYNNER**, who with his unique cropped head and powerful film personality, achieved great popularity by his performance in "The King And I," will be seen next month in "Anastasia." In it he has the part of a somewhat unscrupulous Russian who claims to have discovered the lost Grand Duchess Anastasia, played by Ingrid Bergman



# PREMIUM BLONDES IN A LOVE LOTTERY



"GRAB ME A GONDOLA" (Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith). All the blondes who were ever created, and some who created themselves, are guyed, satirized and unerringly pinned like butterflies with claymores by Miss Joan Heal. She is seen above as Virginia Jones, the blonde who falls for the blurbs of (right) Jane Wenham's prospective fiance. He is Tom Wilson (Denis Quilley, right below), show column staff man of a libellously lively Sunday paper. Aiding in this story of the unofficial difficulties found at all of the best film festivals are those representative types Prince Luigi (Dennis Wood, left) and Lt.-Cdr. Fitzmorris (Johnny Ladd, centre) Drawings by Emmwood



SEVERAL small-scale musicals have been sunk recently by an excess of charm. It was perhaps too readily assumed from the extraordinary success of the completely unsophisticated *Salad Days* that the public had had enough of American toughness. Hey ho for simplicity!—for romance as fresh as a buttercup, as innocent as a daisy, set in the sweet green lap of the English countryside. I enjoyed one or two specimens of this style (especially *Wild Thyme* with Mr. Ronald Searle's fantastic backcloths and Mr. Denis Quilley's singing porter), but evidently what charmed me made the public faintly queasy. They wanted a little more kick put into the charm; and *Grab Me A Gondola*, which after diverting the Queen at Windsor, has come up to the Lyric, Hammersmith, may be just what is wanted.

The charm has not been forgotten, but it is put over with a bounce, and the show packs a decided kick. It makes robust fun of the film stars, starlets and newspaper columnists assembled in Venice for a cultural festival at which the showing of documentaries in stuffy cinemas is no sort of attraction to set off against the display of mink bikinis on the Lido sands. The leading lady of the festival "doesn't need sub-titles to make her meaning clear," and Miss Joan Heal flings herself hurtlingly into the part, advertising with every gesture a glorious independence of sub-titles.

IT is, of course, a composite satire crowned with the long tresses of purest platinum that we all recognize. The goo-goo eyes belong to one star, the curves to another, the secret ambition one day to play Portia to another and the ornate sun glasses which completely obscure the vision to another; but the generalized figure of fun comes gaily alive. Miss Heal is outrageous without being in the least spiteful.

The music of Mr. James Gilbert is very well suited to the boisterous story. Every possible motive impels the film star to vamp the best-looking of the columnists in her retinue. She has to consider the interests of her career, the uncontrollable promptings of her temperament, her deep maternal feeling for men who are without guile—and besides, she happens to be bored. Mr. Quilley is her victim, and he has already established in a pleasing love duet with Miss Jane Wenham that his is a devotion that will outlive a great deal of indiscreet mixing of business with pleasure. He has come to Venice to get the film star's story for his paper, and that is the kind of business that cannot be done by long-distance correspondence. But naturally his partner in the sentimental duet misunderstands the whole situation.

And though only a suburban miss, she is a girl of spirit and in one of the evening's most ironic lyrics, bids her lover a fond goodbye and sets out into the Venetian night to provoke jealousy.

She is at once picked up by a princely wolf, professing himself to be one who is ever lonely in a crowd. She believes him the more easily since he serves her purpose of rousing jealousy in her true lover; but lured, after that job has been done, to the roof of his palace, she comes near to believing him in earnest. She is not to know what all Venice knows about his little devices.

MEANWHILE, jealousy has not had the expected effect on its object. Tom is a man, not a mouse. So at least it appears to the film star. She makes all the glasses in Jimmy's bar ring with her discovery and all the starlets and columnists have to come in to drive home the frank, not to say blatant revelation of what a film star thinks a man should be.

So a knot has been tied which only a rock 'n' roll party aboard a British warship can shake loose. While the shaking is going on, journalistic reputations are broken and made again, true love calls across the gulf of misunderstanding to true love and the princely wolf is snapped up by the film star. It is a boisterous little piece, but it has the momentum to carry off its boisterousness. The sentimental lyrics are agreeably sung by Miss Wenham and Mr. Quilley, and the others, which are sometimes witty, are banged across by Miss Heal with terrific gusto.

## William Congreve's masterpiece is worthily revived

MR. JOHN CLEMENTS last week staged a starry revival of William Congreve's "The Way Of The World" at the Saville Theatre. He is seen below as Mirabell with his wife, Miss Kay Hammond, in the role of Millamant. Also in the cast is Miss Margaret Rutherford in her old part of Lady Wishfort

*Photograph by Houston Rogers*





# PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AT BALL FOR YOUTH

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA attended the Ball of the Future at the May Fair Hotel in aid of the National Association of Training Corps for Girls



The Princess with Miss Elizabeth Durlacher, chairman of the young committee, and Miss Wendy Raphael, vice-chairman



Mr. T. Hainault, Miss C. Boyle, Princess Margaretha of Sweden, Prince Alexander Romanoff

Miss Alison Bradford was talking to Mr. Michael Burges



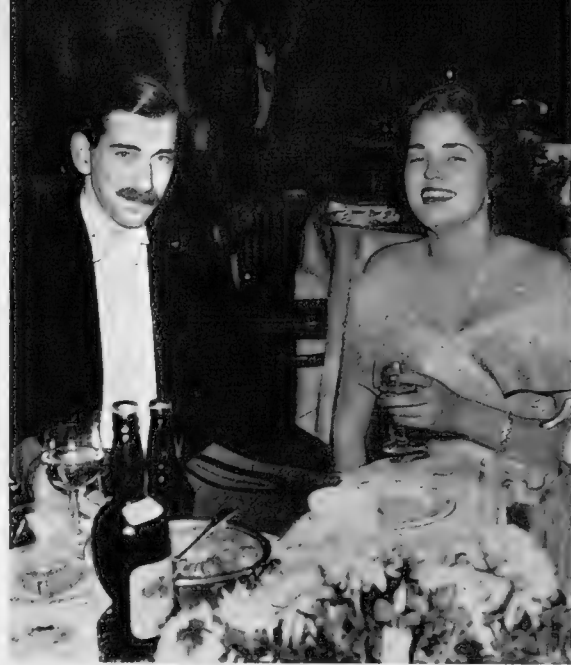
A. V. Swaabe

Miss Philippine Green, Miss Jennifer Dyke and Mr. Tom Motion at one of the tables





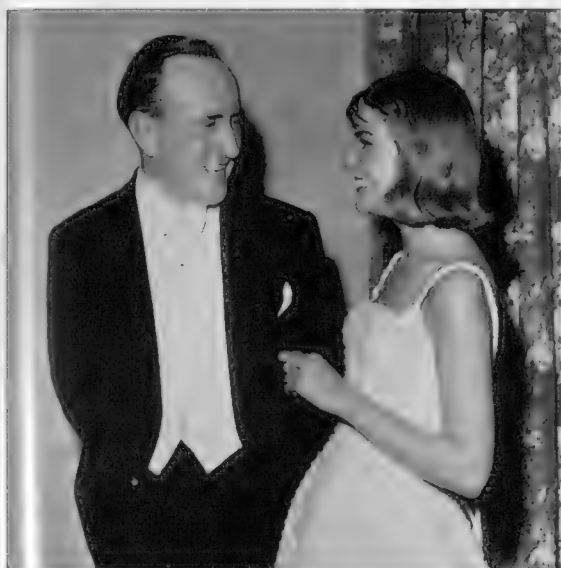
*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
DEC. 12,  
1956  
649*



*Mr. Michael Cooke and Miss Karen Hosp on the stairs*

*Miss Linda Campbell and Mr. Ronnie Carr-Ellison*

*Mr. Jonathan Hargreaves and Miss Lesley Stephenson*



*Mr. Sam Fenwick and Miss Jackie Cahill were among the guests*

*Miss Diana Grand and Mr. James Guinness chatting on arrival*

*Mr. Michael Oswald, Mr. Keith Millar and Miss Cynthia Walker*

*Mr. Roger Eckersley and Miss Susan Leachurst were chatting*

*Mr. Ian Lowe was in conversation with Miss Tessa Kaye*

*Mr. John Creswell-Turner and Lady Jennifer Barnard*





## At the Pictures

# NEPTUNE'S PARATROOPS

AT a time when scarcely any prospect on the face of the earth pleases, and man—the other man, of course—is vile indeed, it is my happy privilege to pass on to you Capt. Jacques-Yves Cousteau's invitation to explore with him *The Silent World* that lies under the sea. "Come, dear children, let us away—down and away below," cried The Forsaken Merman—and so cry I.

Capt. Cousteau's superb documentary film—winner of the Grand Prix at Cannes this year—is a record of his cruise, with twelve divers, aboard the Calypso through the Mediterranean, Red Sea, Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf.

It opens magically with a team of divers (masked, aqua-lunged and flippered) plunging headlong through blue depths towards the sea-bed: they bear before them huge glowing torches and behind them clouds of bubbles, lovely as pearls, stream upward. The elements of fire, air and water mystically combine to create a moment of beauty, rare, strange and absolute.

The underwater world seems wonderfully peaceful: its inhabitants, busy about their lawful occasions, show no fear of the intruders. The divers frolic among them unmolested, ride on the backs of sea-turtles, befriend a grouper—a bumbling great fish with a stupid but kindly expression, who waltzes clumsily with them—and sit on the ocean floor feeding the jewel-bright small fish that flock around them like pigeons in Trafalgar Square.

SOMEWHERE they come upon the coral-encrusted wreck of a ship: "Thistle-gorm, Glasgow" reads the inscription on its bell, from which a diver's knife strikes a doleful note—and fish flit like startled ghosts about the decks where once mariners strode. It is inexpressibly eerie, this poor lost vessel, lying there grey and dead in this beautiful sea-world where glorious colour and multitudinous life abound.

On her ten months' cruise, the Calypso runs into a school of thousands of porpoises who gambol about her, leaping prodigiously. "Porpoises," says Capt. Cousteau, speaking the commentary in English, "are warm-blooded mammals: they are rather like dogs and have a good sense of humour." A baby whale, injured by one of the Calypso's propellers, is devoured by sharks, whom Capt. Cousteau's men set about destroying with a ferocity I found rather alarming—though, of course, I hold no brief for sharks.

A desert island is discovered and a female turtle shown laboriously laying her eggs in the sand, covering them carefully and

departing, with tears in her eyes, for a destination unknown. She is weeping, one understands, for the little ones who will never call her mother: this, I may say, seems a pure waste of grief for as soon as the babies are hatched they scuttle down to the sea as gay as crickets and obviously do not give a hoot as to whether or not they have parents.

Though the surface adventures in the film are fascinating it is the underwater scenes which make it a complete enchantment. This is a picture which will delight children and grown-ups—*everybody*, in fact, except sharks.

THERE are echoes of the old Greek tragedies in *A Girl In Black*—a modern Greek film (with English subtitles), directed by Mr. Michael Cacoyannis. On the sun-bleached island of Hydra, Marina (beautiful Miss Ellie Lambetti), the young daughter of a decaying, once-rich family, lives with her widowed mother and brother. The islanders persecute her for her proud aloofness, despise the mother for having a lover and the brother for being a weakling.

Pavlo (Mr. Dimitri Horn), a writer visiting the island, is drawn to the unhappy girl: gradually he wins her confidence and her love. But Marina is bound by fear of gossip and ridicule and Pavlo lacks the strength of character to break with his old life and take her away with him. There is nothing for them but to part. Then suddenly the Fates step in and disaster strikes to reunite and liberate the lovers.

Miss Lambetti has the gifts of warmth and stillness. The film is perhaps too slow-moving—but for her performance you should see it, anyway. It is certainly strikingly unusual.

BUT there is nothing the least bit unusual about *The Best Things In Life Are Free*. It's just another whacking great, glossy Hollywood saga of show business and song-writing. This time the song-writers are the firm of De Sylva, Brown and Henderson (Messrs. Gordon MacRae, Ernest Borgnine and Dan Dailey) who provided us with so many of the hit numbers to which we danced in the 1920s—"Button Up Your Overcoat," "Black Bottom," "Birth Of The Blues" and the title tune among them. I was delighted to learn that they cooked up "Sonny Boy" for Mr. Al Jolson strictly as a lark: they regarded it as the lousiest thing they ever wrote—and I am with them there.

Mr. Borgnine, as the tough member of the team, is good and loud; Mr. Dailey, the steady married man, has nothing to do but look amiable and thump the piano, while Mr. MacRae, the ambitious one, sings a little and trifles with the affections of Miss Sheree North—an agreeable blonde, now showing signs of talent, who wears the costumes of the period rather fetchingly. The plot is as predictable as tomorrow's date—but it was pleasant to hear the old songs again, machine-made as one now recognizes them to have been.

—Elspeth Grant

## ONE OF THE WAR'S GREAT ADVENTURES

UP over the mountains, with 20,000 troops in pursuit, come Capt. W. Stanley Moss (David Oxley), Major Patrick Leigh-Fermor (Dirk Bogarde) and their prize, General Kreiper, C-in-C., Crete (Marius Goring), whom they have kidnapped. A scene from the forthcoming Powell-Pressburger film *Ill Met By Moonlight*, based on W. Stanley Moss's book





Tom Blau

## A young American plays the new Maid of Orleans

JEAN SEBERG, a High School girl from Iowa, was chosen out of thousands of young Americans and Europeans auditioned by Otto Preminger in his search for the ideal Joan in his film of Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan." This unusual method of filling a part which has been played by many famous actresses, sprang from Mr. Preminger's desire to find a new and unknown face typifying the youth and crusading spirit of St. Joan. Filming starts next month





BALDEWIN'S GLOBE, showing the roller supports, an illustration from the article in the "Connoisseurs' Year Book, 1957" (National Magazine Company, 21s.)

## Book Reviews

# THE HIGHWAY STORY



A. F. BETTINSON, a founder-member of the National Sporting Club: a drawing by George Belcher from "Noble and Manly" (Hutchinson, 25s.) by Guy Deghy



MISS PAT SMYTHE, the famous equestrienne, recently awarded the O.B.E., is here signing copies of her new book "One Jump Ahead" (Cassell, 13s. 6d.)

THE urge to proceed from place to place is, evidently, endemic in human nature. We are told that we "rush about"; let us recall that our forefathers liked to do so—though more slowly.

**The Rolling Road**, by L. A. G. Strong (Hutchinson, 30s.) is both picturesque and informative in this regard. It is subtitled "The Story of Travel on the Roads of Britain and the Development of Public Passenger Transport," and we open with the silent "green ways" of pre-Roman Britain, close with today's humming bus and motor coach networks. If the historical chapters are more colourful, the author has caused the Road Traffic Act, 1930, and the Transport Act, 1947, to take on in interest what they may lack in poetry.

Celtic chiefs were found riding in horse-drawn chariots when Julius Caesar reconnoitered our island, 54 B.C.; the Roman invasion proper, A.D. 43, under Claudius, was followed by road-construction, speed, safety, comfort in locomotion unequalled for fourteen centuries more. Mr. Strong, having pictured the routes and vehicles, goes on:

Surprising as it may seem, these means of transport made travel easier in Roman Britain than did the transport at the close of the seventeenth century. Then, thirteen hundred years later a cross-country journey could be a hazardous undertaking. The roads were incomparably worse, and there were then no imperial troops to guard them and keep robbers under control.

ACCOUNTS of successive "hazardous undertakings" are taken from contemporary authorities. Only, it seems in the Dark Ages which gloomed on Britain after the Romans' withdrawal, did everybody temporarily bog down—the attitude to travel was, better not. William the Conqueror's Normans entrenched in castles, did little to better what lay between. However, in the increasingly civilized course of the Middle Ages the world and his wife were on the move again. Pilgrimages (see Chaucer) were one incentive, mercantile enterprise another. And—"in Tudor England, despite the roads . . . people had begun to travel for much the same reasons as they do today."

Roads were, so far, nobody's business. Under the Stuarts there was (if possible) further deterioration—there still was no

system of repair; wheeled traffic (which ploughed up quagmires) went on increasing with every year. And robbers and highwaymen plied their prosperous trade well on into the succeeding century. Cautionary gibbets, creaking with corpses, did not add to the amenities of the roadway. Sight-seeing drives round Britain (in, of course, one's own carriage) nonetheless became an aristocratic craze; and social intercourse was considered well worth any dangers in transit.

STAGE coaches marked the dawn of the era of public transport—which has gone to revolutionize British life. On all sides the great innovation, the democratic equipage, was idolized—here, for one, speaks Cobbett:—

Next to a fox-hunt, the finest sight in England is a stage-coach ready to start. A great sheep or cattle fair is a beautiful sight; but in a stage-coach you see more of what man is capable of performing. The vehicle itself; the harness, all so complete and so neatly arranged; the beautiful horses, impatient to be off; the inside full and outside covered, in every part, with men, women, and children, boxes, bags, bundles; the coachman, taking up his reins in one hand and the whip in the other, gives a signal with his foot and away they go, at the rate of seven miles an hour.

Infatuation with speed. . . . The coaching days, their eclipse (under Queen Victoria) by the railways, then their triumphant revival fill several excellent chapters of *The Rolling Road*. Culmination: "well-sprung, softly upholstered coaches with balloon tyres and big windows. . . ." Mr. Strong brings to the reader's eye a splendid Veteran's Rally of public vehicles. And here I must praise the great other half of this volume: its illustrations. Comics and curiosities (by the light of today) are many. Here's an overflowing picture-book, gay as a scrap-screen, which no child of any age will disdain. Not only the horse omnibus but the steam omnibus, not only the electric but the horse-drawn tram, not only "knife-board" seating but "toast-rack" seating are immortalized in this transport pageant. And the evolution of streamlining may be noted.

And don't skip the contemporary chapters, equally if not more informative. Throughout, anecdote brightens the store of facts. Well-deserved is the tribute to British buses, as heroes of two world wars.

★ ★ ★

THE setting of **The Intruder** (Macmillan, 13s. 6d.), Storm Jameson's latest novel, is France, as was that of the one before it—this time, Provence, where a team of archaeologists is digging up a Celto-Ligurian city. Local conditions are savage, the heat is nightmarish, and a spirit of evil seems at large in the team—which, but for a single Frenchman, is British. Can it be that some ancient occult force has been let loose?

Obsessions, at any rate, rule the day. William Carey, distinguished head of the expedition, is elderly, and a sicker man than he knows: he broods upon human cruelty, seeks its roots. And he could, indeed, study the thing from close up, for his nephew assistant, Nathaniel Hanel, is methodically maltreating his young wife Nina, who acts as dogsbody to the party. In turn, handsome rich Mrs. Heron, at the neighbouring chateau, is taking it out of Nathaniel, her would-be lover. Then, out to Galaure (the sinister village where the British are crowded into a small inn) comes young Nicholas Carey, reft from farming in Wales by alarming reports of his father's health which have reached him from France.

NICHOLAS detests his cousin Nathaniel—brilliant cuckoo in the Carey family nest. Not only had the adroit youth with the Austrian father ousted Nicholas from his place in his parents' affections, but he snatched the girl Nicholas hoped to marry. *The Intruder* cannot but be a hate-ridden story, and Miss Jameson's powerful art gives it still more force.

Nathaniel's back-history, painful enough, to a degree explains him. Still, he remains a bad type—the sort of person who does things chiefly because they should not be done. I feel him to be an unrewarding, almost a dull, subject for Miss Jameson's pen, so worthy of greater subtleties. One clings to lighter relief—for example, the placid Madame Thial, loyal cross-grained old Knoxie—"She had a passion for hats, none of which returned her affection."

—Elizabeth Bowen



"NUDE WOMAN IN THE SUN," by Giambattista Piazzetta (1683-1754), a charcoal drawing of astonishing luminosity which belongs to the L. Alvera Collection. This reproduction comes from "Venice Observed" (Bernier/Zwemmer, £4 10s.), by Mary McCarthy

LOADING PIPES OF WINE, a photograph from "The Wine of the Douro" (Sidgwick and Jackson, 12s. 6d.) in which the author, Hector Bolitho, pays heartfelt tribute to that noble drink, port, which is again making great headway in popular favour, after a period of neglect





Fashions by  
Isobel Vicomtesse  
d'Orthez

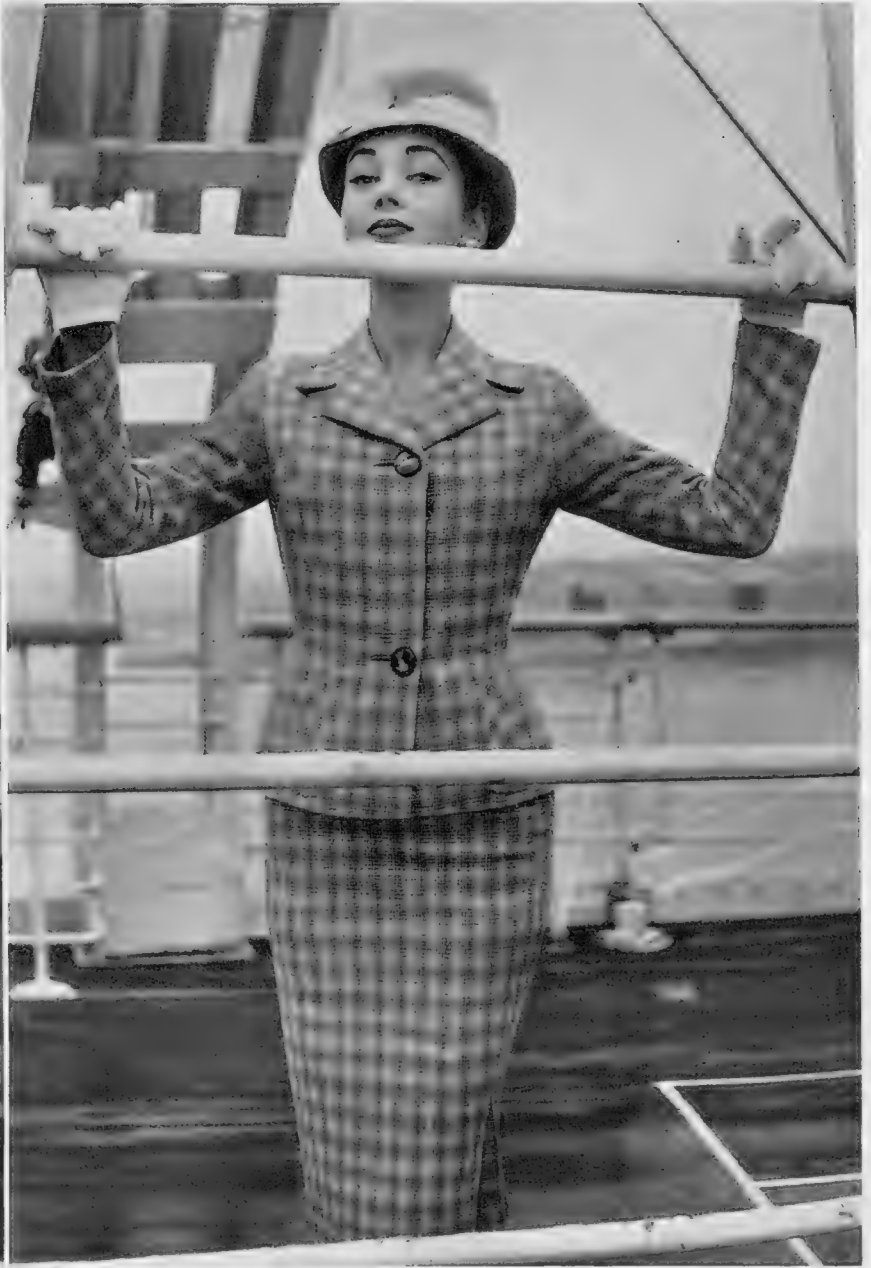
## A WINTER JOURNEY

FOR the lucky ones who are escaping to the sun, here are some perfect travelers. Left: Calman Links threequarter length grey dyed beaver coat provides glamour and warmth. Hat by Dolores. The beige wool jersey coat by Rima Casuals costs approx. 23 gns. from Anne Gerrard, Grosvenor St. Jersey beret by Jenny Fischer. Photographed aboard the Himalaya at Tilbury









Michel Molinare

*From cold to warmth in  
lightweight wool and tweed*

WHEN travelling by ship the need is for clothes that are readily adaptable and will see you through the changing weather as you sail from the brisk breezes of the north into the warmer southern seas. Opposite: this beautifully tailored narrow coat in fine wool jersey by Rima Casuals is an ideal go-between. Striped in beige and white with collar, sleeves and pockets edged in a darker shade of beige, it is gaily buttoned in bright gilt. It costs approx. 27 gns. from Anne Gerrard. Above: From Matita comes a classic suit in brown and white check saxony, light but warm. Teamed with it is the increasingly popular concho cape. Price approx. 29 gns. from Marshall and Snelgrove

FOR A LIGHTHEARTED VOYAGE





A long sleeved, sheath dress, vee-necked and belted in creamy fine wool tweed, by Jacqmar 16 gns. approx. from Nora Bradley, 69A King's Road, Chelsea

HERE are some outfits that are suitable for those winter pleasure journeys by ocean liner, plane or train. Right: A gay, lemon-coloured basket weave, wool dress and coat by Polly Peck. The dress has a wide square neckline and full skirt of unpressed box pleats. Price £7.19s. 6d. The coat, in a shirt style which buttons high, is 12½ gns. Both are from Fenwicks of Bond Street

## On the promenade deck



This beautiful wide tent coat in sapphire blue basket weave tweed by Jacqmar is worn over the dress above. Approx. 27½ gns. from Nora Bradley. Hat by Dolores







Michel Molinare

*Romantic touch from  
across the Channel*

## THE CAPE COMES TO

CHOICE  
FOR THE  
WEEK



THIS season the cape made a very popular return in the Paris Collections, and variations on the theme can now be seen in this country. Here is Moore and Southcott's royal blue cape in wool and mohair, lined with lime green. It costs 18 gns. The heavy knit Italian sheath costs 16½ gns., cherry-coloured velvet-swathed melusine hat, 15 gns., suede bag, £7 10s. All from Debenham & Freebody

## LONDON







The black suede bag, costs £9 19s. 6d. The black and white jersey wool cape is £5 5s. Woollands have them

*THE line of an article has come to mean a great deal to us. The shape it takes is an intrinsic part of the pleasure the article gives us. It is with this point particularly in view that the selection of stoles, jewels, handbags, gloves and shoes have been chosen. All are designed to complement each other and in thus harmonizing to make a symphony of smart, unified elegance*

—JEAN CLELAND

## *The eye of taste directs the hand of skill*

These are Jacqmar's seasonable squares in holly and mistletoe patterns priced at 14s. 11d. Jacqmar and leading stores



This most unusual gunmetal bead necklet is priced at £1 12s. 6d., with ear clips to match, 10s. 6d. Debenham & Freebody





Spanish black suede bag is £10 10s. and, with the "Denise" black suede haute couture shoes at £15 15s., is obtainable from Russell & Bromley



"Casino" bag of black suede, made by Lederer for Russell and Bromley, £9 15s. Pearl cascade necklace £12 1s. 6d. from Marshall & Snelgrove

Dennis Smith



Right, a gilt evening compact with a handle. Dickins and Jones, £2 15s. Italian bag, hand made and leather lined, £38 17s. The gloves are exclusive models from Harvey Nichols





## Beauty

# Hair training

I HAVE recently collected some charming hair styles from a number of London's leading hair stylists. They have been designed with the requirements of youth in mind, and as you see they are all delightfully simple. They also have a young elegance which is achieved by superb cutting and shaping.

Many young girls today are very clever at shampooing and setting their hair themselves in their own homes. To them I would say "well done"—but all the same, *do* go to a first-class hairdresser every so often to have your hair trimmed. This should be done regularly, so that the line is not lost.

YOU will notice that the beauty of these hair styles depends very largely on the health and sheen of the hair. It is important, then, to keep it in good condition. If it seems at any time to be too dry or too oily, or if it is looking lacklustre and dull, the best plan is to seek expert advice immediately. Most of the top hairdressers have good trichologists on the premises, and if you consult them they will tell you what to do to put your hair right, and make it gleam and shine again.

—Jean Cleland



*A charming evening style for the young girl by Alexis of Antoine's*



*"Southern Belle," a pretty daytime coiffure by Steiner*

*Raymond's "Ding-Dong" line features a wide-angle effect*



*"Angelina" is a design by French of London, evocative of a Botticelli angel*



*Martin Douglas's "Junior Miss Bouffant," for unmanageable hair*



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## Motoring

# CRY OF THE DRIVER

**G**LOOM is an inevitable ingredient of my article today. It is not caused so much by the restrictions on motoring, for those restrictions are accepted as a national necessity, as by the unpleasant revelations associated with them. We now know that there are large and powerful organizations which are incapable of concealing their delight at any and every curbing of the individual motorist's activities.

There is something smug about the way in which they indicate that all virtue and all purity reside in travelling in overcrowded trains and buses and that the man who drives himself about and who pays large taxes in order to be allowed to do so, is a selfish, anti-social, idle, good-for-nothing.

Well, now the millenium for the public transport services is at hand. They will have many more passengers and there will be fewer private cars parked in the streets. And, of course, it will be a respite for the road builders. But do not let us entirely forget the facts of life; which are, that this country owes much of such prosperity as it has enjoyed since the war to the British motor industry and that that industry, in turn, owes its success to motorists.

Motoring on the ration can be organized in either of two ways: by concentrating all the running in brief but intensive periods, or by spreading it thinly. Motor cars do not normally like long stretches of inactivity. In fact the greatest reliability to the mile covered is probably obtained by a vehicle in regular, daily use.

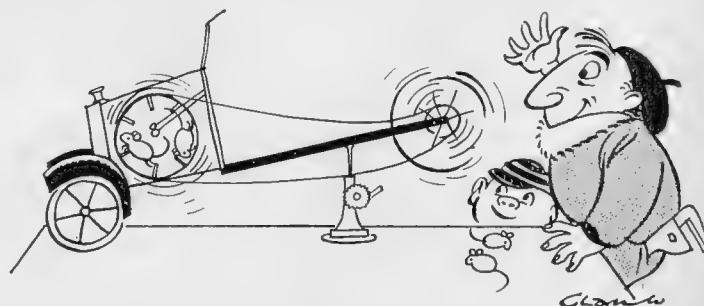
Nevertheless something can be done to keep the car in running order even when its mileage is cut to less than one-third of the figure estimated as typical for the ordinary owner. The battery demands closer watching than usual, for instance. Its state must be checked at fairly frequent intervals and steps must be taken either by the purchase of a charger or by periodically leaving the car at a service station, to maintain its charge.

**T**HOSE who propose to put away their cars altogether during the winter must go through the age-old procedure and must take out the battery, jack up the car, wax or otherwise protect bright parts and, if they are really thorough, take measures to hold off corrosion in the cylinder bores.

It is an unpleasant duty for a motoring writer to suggest less motoring; but that is how the position now presents itself. If there is a choice between the brief, but intensive, period of motoring and the long but thin, I would say that the former method is the better. Let it be hoped that we shall soon return to the best and most efficient (and safest) form of car utilization; that in which the car is used intensively throughout the year.

One other thing deserves notice. Road casualties may be expected to fall with reduced use of road vehicles; but it would be a mistake to infer from that, that there is an increase in the basic safety of the roads. The probability is—and I emphasize that I am speaking of probabilities—that, while the total number of accidents may decline, the number of accidents to the mile run may increase.

—Oliver Stewart



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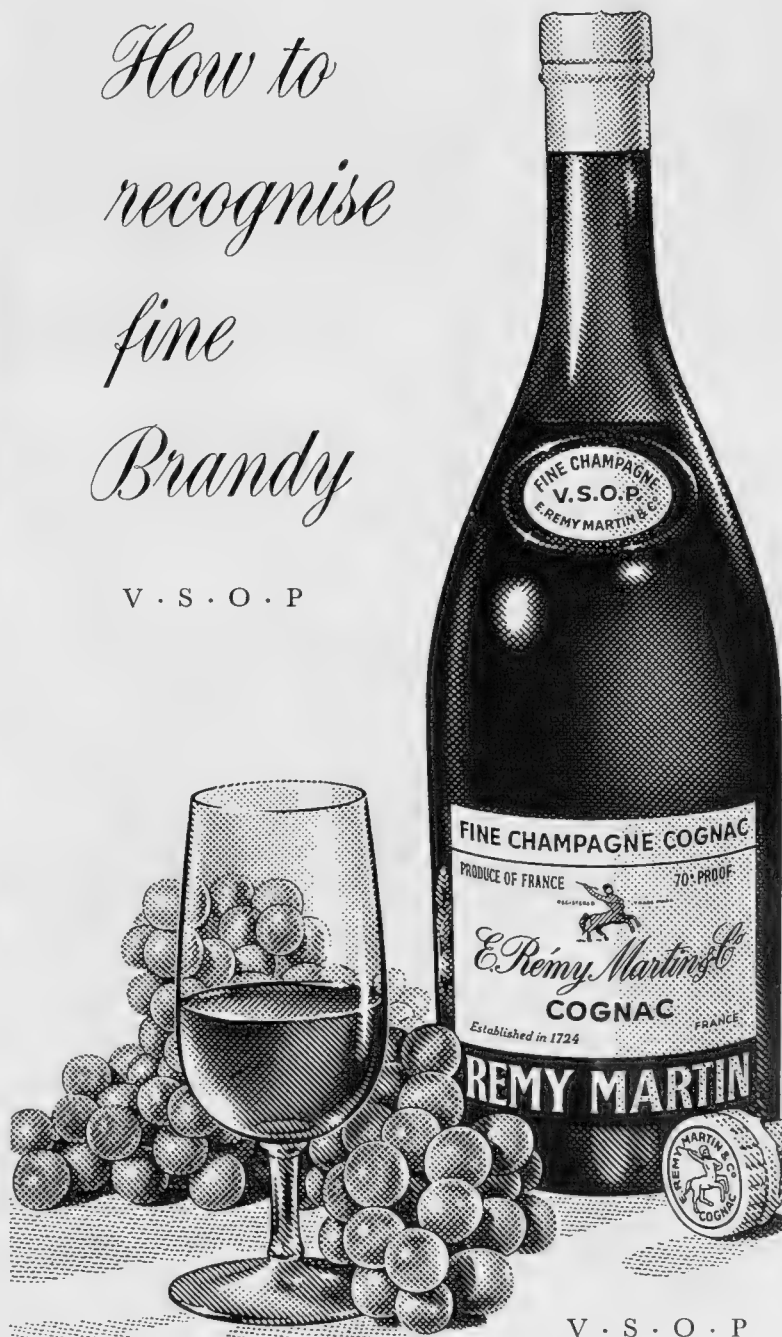
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FERNANDO FORCELLINI, Restaurant Manager of the Cafe de Paris, has the distinction of being a citizen of the minute Republic of San Marino, near Rimini. He was brought to England by his uncle, John Sovrani, in the middle 'twenties

## DINING OUT

### Non-stop variety

THE lunatic season is upon us; invitations to this or that party arrive in flocks like the starlings in Northumberland Avenue, and it is a great test of stamina to see how many you can accept and survive.

The Christmas term started as usual with the opening of Pimm's Academy at The Red House in Bishopsgate and the school bell summoned the boys (aged from thirty-five to seventy-five) to the Little Hall sharp at 6 p.m. There were many new boys, among whom I spotted the eminent George Gulley with a little blue cap on his head, singing the school song with the greatest gusto.

The feast that followed was fantastic. There was a fish room and a meat room. In the latter there was a huge baron of beef, game pies, chicken pies, saddles of lamb, ham, tongue, and many other things, together with some very good claret.

Hardly having recovered from the opening of this academy I found myself lunching as a guest of the Thirteen Club, the thirteen members being prominent directors of firms who concentrate on providing quality foods to the hotel and restaurant trade, and who at their occasional lunches are allowed one guest each.

They had chosen downstairs at Overton's in St. James's for this repast, a very suitable and charming room. We started off with some exceptional selected Whistable Natives. Major Austen Gardner, doyen of the oyster growers, who is a member of the club, told me that they really were "natives" from a small crop he had discovered of three and a half years' growth.

WITH these we had Liebfraumilch Glockenspiel 1952, and so it went on — Pouilly Fuissé 1953 with the *Coquilles de Foie Gras à la Gelée de Champagne* and *Langoustine Grillé*, which were Dublin Bay prawns of immense size.

We battled on to Chateau Margaux 1948 with the *Perdreau en Chemise Vigneronne*, which were partridges that had been wrapped in vine leaves and bacon and then simmered for thirty-five minutes, after which their shirts were removed and they were served covered with a cream and white sauce, all twenty-six of them on a huge dish, a magnificent sight. These were accompanied by little baby marrows—*Les Courgettes Nature*—which had been flown over from Paris the day before. It was Chateau d'Yquem 1948 with the *Bombe Glacé Ananas au Kirsch* and Cognac Normandin Tradition with the coffee.

If they used twenty-six partridges at the Thirteen Club it would be interesting to know how many ducks they used at dinner next day at the annual banquet of the Royal Warrant Holders' Association at Grosvenor House, where the *Maître Chef*, René Lebegue, and what must be an enormous staff, achieved the considerable feat of serving over nine hundred people with an excellent dinner which arrived at one's table at high speed—and hot. The Burgundy being offered with *Le Canelon d'Aylesbury Roti* was Volnay, Hospices de Beaune 1948, "General Muteau," and was quite exceptional.

—I. Bickerstaff

## DINING IN

### Tools of the trade

ON a recent visit to the kitchen of a talented bachelor "lay" cook, I found the most modern electric cooker, with automatic oven control—and the scruffiest, cheap and, to my mind, dangerously thin enamelled saucepans. Each was chipped on the inside, a menace to anyone who ate his delicious foods. It occurred to me that what was needed for a present was a set of "Tower Brand" substantial aluminium pans (non-chip, of course), produced by the Midland Metal Spinning Company.

This is a delightful set, consisting of three saucepans of different sizes and a large skillet (frying-pan), each with smart lids obtainable in either red or gold. The set, complete, from most of the stores, is reasonably priced at £5 18s. 11d.

Last year, I recommended the Sunbeam Mixmaster electric fry-pan and I would again place it high on my Christmas present-for-the-kitchen list. For a dweller in a bed-sitting-room, it has no peer. It comes with two lids, but only one is really necessary. I think that, on the whole, the aluminium cover is probably more practical than the glass one, although the latter, being deeper, allows for a larger bird or deeper joint. Without a lid, this fry-pan costs £9 19s. 6d. The aluminium cover costs £1 7s. 6d. and the glass one £1 5s. 7d. The various temperatures at which different foods should be cooked are indicated on the handle. One turns the dial to the temperature required and at once a little pilot light comes on. When the correct temperature is reached, the light goes out.

Whenever I am in the neighbourhood, I always call on that inspired Frenchwoman, Mme. Cadec, in Greek Street, Soho (just off Shaftesbury Avenue), for there I see many kitchen aids not to be found elsewhere. She has a new what-she-calls "baby mandolin" for slicing vegetables, at 18s. 6d. It has three cutters with which one can cut plain slices, straws, serrated chips, lattice potatoes and, indeed, everything that can be turned out by the larger restaurant models.

THERE is also a line in mahogany salad bowls, 10 inches wide at 45s. and 12 inches wide at 50s. Knowing the usual cost of these bowls, I consider them bargains. New, also, is a nickel-plated spirit lamp, ideal for fondues, crêpes Suzette, steak Diane, *Supreme de Volaille Constance* and many other dishes which are cooked at table. The price of this is £6—another bargain, when you realize the cost of those in silver plate.

Mme. Cadec specializes in copper cooking utensils and, at the moment, she has a very special lot of hand-beaten round copper entrée dishes, from 16s. 6d. to 46s. 6d., and tin-lined copper casseroles from £3 5s. to £8 5s., which, she tells me, are bargains, too.

I like very much the new opaque oven glass made by Phoenix. There are two models on black wrought metal stands. One is a rectangular entrée dish, costing, complete with stand, 19s. 8d.; the other is a divided vegetable dish, at 18s. 5d., complete. Both these models can be obtained ready-boxed and ready to be posted—which should endear them to givers in the coming busy "packing" days.

Every year, at Christmas, some of the presents I give friends are food. Home-made Christmas puddings, for instance, from an old and very good family recipe or rich fruit loaves (from another family recipe), made in 1 lb. bread tins. Instead of icing, I arrange halved almonds on top. To three of my friends I give tins of home-made fudge, which they like better than anything else I could give them.

—Helen Burke

THE TRADITIONAL Christmas party is always a heartwarming experience. One in full swing is the subject of this illustration in *The Book Of Good Housekeeping* (National Magazine Co., 45s.)





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Fayer

Mlle. Sybille de Pitray, daughter of the Vicomte de Pitray, and of Mrs. Jeanine Hennessy, of rue Mesnil, Paris, is engaged to the Hon. Robin Johnstone, son of Lord and Lady Derwent, of Hackness Hall, Scarborough

## THEY ARE ENGAGED



Paul Tanqueray

Miss Carol Calder, only daughter of the late Mr. D. Pitkethly Calder and Mrs. Calder, of Sussex Square, Brighton, has announced her engagement to Major C. O. Fisher, 1/6th Gurkha Rifles, son of Col. and Mrs. O. Fisher of Abergavenny, South Wales

Miss Jennifer Sally Cunningham, only daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. Maxwell Cunningham, of the Manor House, Biddestone, Wiltshire, has become engaged to Mr. R. D. Uniacke, Irish Guards, only son of the late Lt.-Col. R. D. W. Uniacke and Mrs. Uniacke, of The Firs, Park Road, Camberley



Yevonde



Harlip

Miss Brenda Mary Gibbs, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Joseph Gibbs, of Cedar House, Marloes Road, W.8, is to marry Mr. Timothy Edwards, second son of Mr. Ralph Edwards, C.B.E., and Mrs. Edwards, of Suffolk House, Chiswick Mall, W.4

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**Ross—Clarke.** Mr. James Keith Ross, F.R.C.S., son of Sir James and Lady Paterson Ross, of Eversley, Oakleigh Park South, London, N.20, married Miss Jacqueline Annella Clarke, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Clarke, of Oron House, Sandy Lane, Cheam, Surrey, at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy



**McKenzie—Wade.** Dr. A. McKenzie, only son of Dr. and Mrs. J. M. McKenzie, of The Grange, Newport, East Yorkshire, married Miss Sally Romayne Wade, only daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. C. P. Wade, of Little Green, Bishop Burton, East Yorkshire, at Christ Church, Harrogate



**Webber—Gunningham.** Mr. Michael Huyshe Stafford Webber, second son of Capt. and Mrs. G. H. S. Webber, of Howard Lodge, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, married Miss Cora Anne Gunningham, elder daughter of the late Major A. P. Gunningham, and Mrs. Gunningham, of Blue Tiles, Patchesham Park, Leatherhead, Surrey, at St. James's, Spanish Place



**Graham—Adamson.** Major John David Carew Graham, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, eldest son of Col. and Mrs. J. A. Graham, of The White House, Nettlestone, Isle of Wight, married Miss Rosemary Elaine Adamson, daughter of the late Mr. J. B. Adamson, and Mrs. Adamson, at St. James's, Piccadilly, W.1



**Mills—Gregory.** Mr. D. C. R. Mills, son of the late Mr. R. C. A. Mills, and Mrs. Audrey Mills, of Cape Town, married Miss Rosemary Anne Gregory, daughter of the late Mr. E. C. Gregory, and Mrs. F. D. Opperman, of Cape Town, and stepdaughter of Mr. Opperman, at the Diocesan College Chapel, Rondebosch

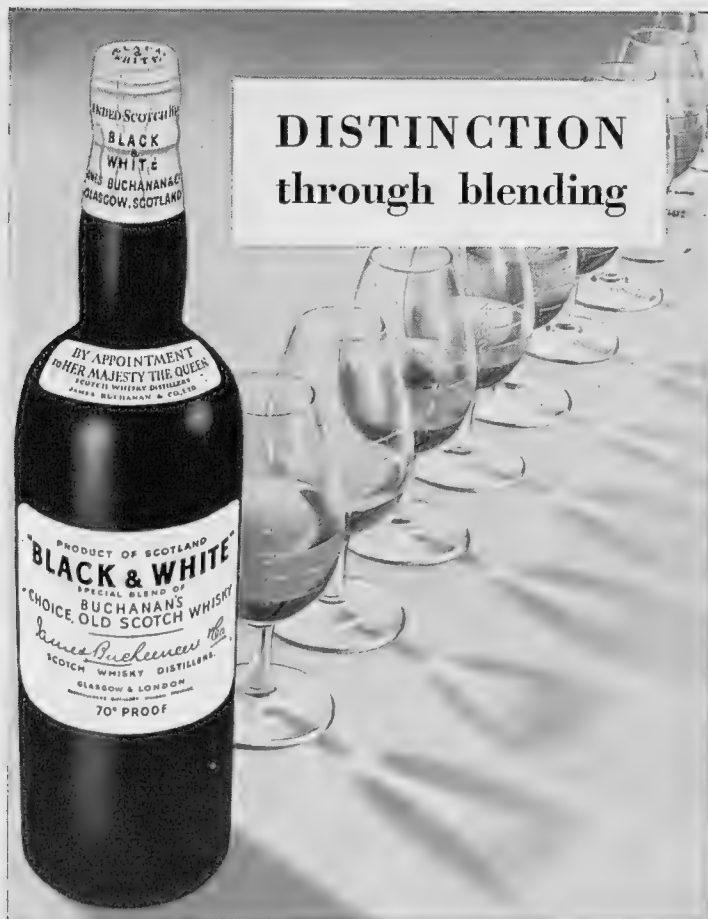


**Maconick—Varley.** The wedding took place at Bere Ferrers, Devon, of Mr. Keith Maconick, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Maconick, of Highlands Avenue, Brentwood, Essex, and Miss Claudia Varley, daughter of Col. A. N. C. Varley, of Hewton House, Bere Alston, Devon, and the late Mrs. G. Varley



**Alexander—Sleigh.** Mr. W. R. Alexander, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Alexander, of Cleveleys, Falkirk, married Miss Rosemary Sleigh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sleigh, of Woodlee, Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh

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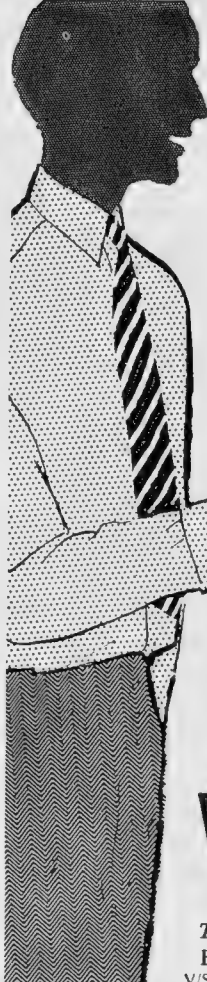
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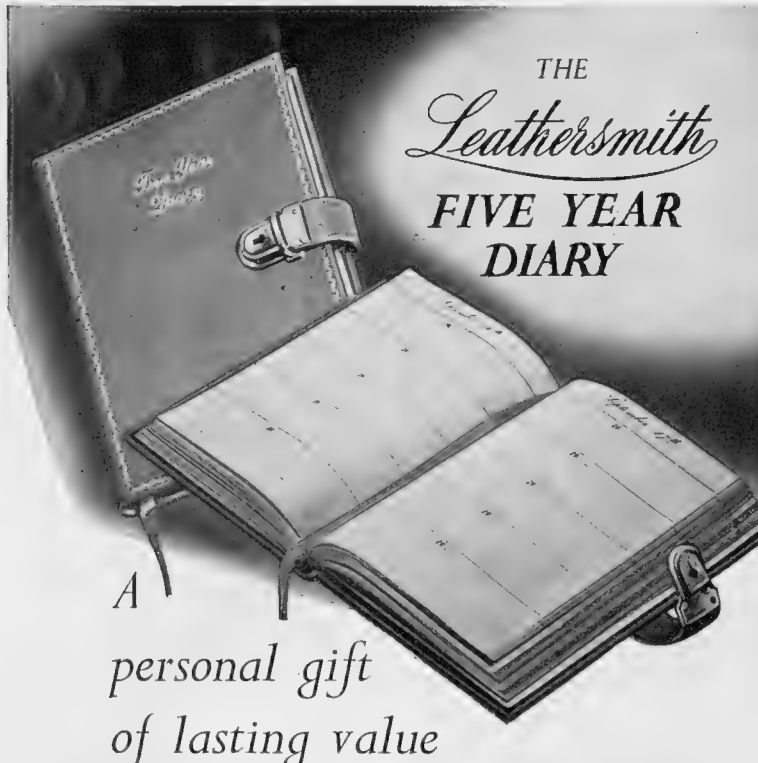
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